

Boanerges and Barnabas :

JUDGMENT } Or, { WINE
and } and
MERCY, { OIL.

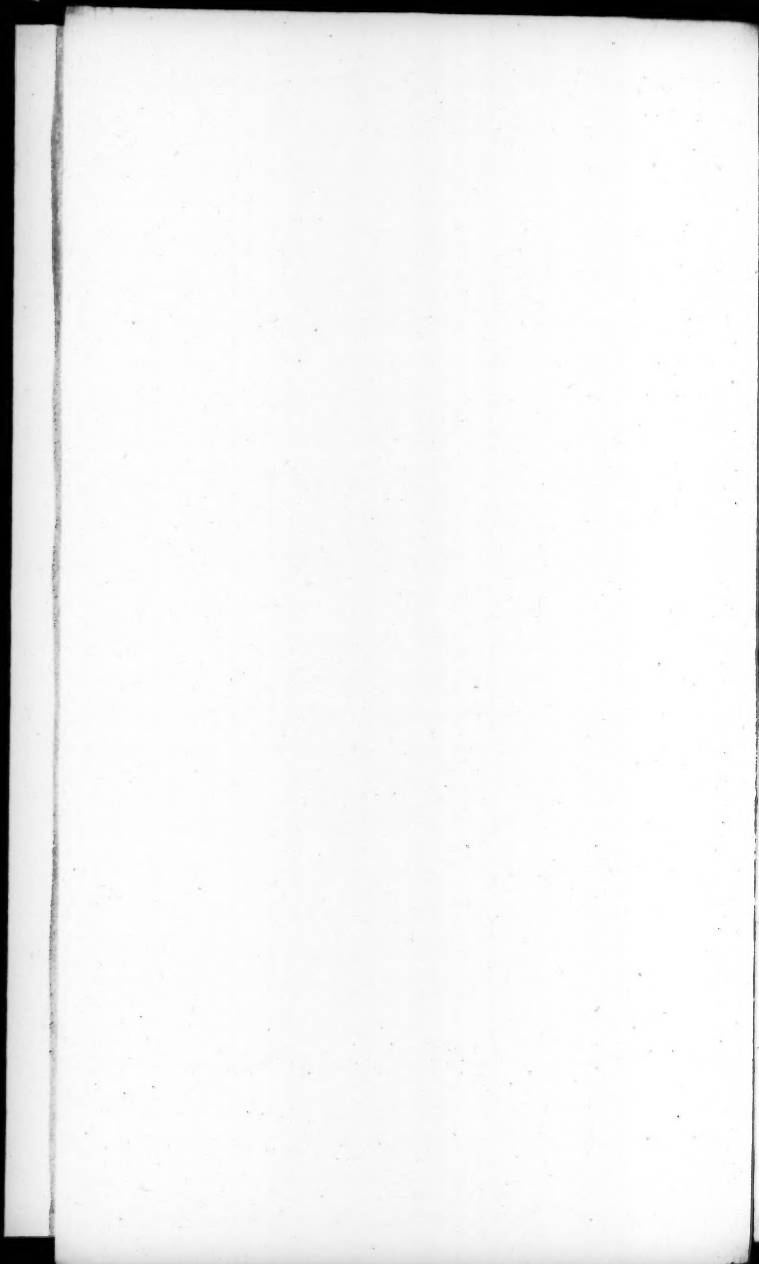
FOR
Wounded and Afflicted
S O U L S.

In Two Parts.

BY
Fra. Quarles.

The Eighth Edition.

L O N D O N,
Printed for R. Royston, Bookseller to his
most Sacred Majesty, at the Angel
in *Amen-Corner*, 1674.



4399.6.29

J. Horn





What heere wee see is but a Graven face,
Onely the shadow of that brittle case
Wherein were treasur'd up those Gems which he
Hath left behind him to Posterity.

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Quarles is an Author of high re-
spectability, & ever will be esteemed
so, notwithstanding he was sneered at
by Pope, who in his angry moments
scattered his censures too lavishly a
round him. Pope however sneered
at his Poetry, but this which is a
prose composition, must, if he had
ever perused it, have excited his ve-
neration. It contains some of the
finest prayers in our language,
& there are few individuals, what-
ever may be their condition, who
will not find some among them,
expressive of their own feelings,
fears & hopes. British Critic
Nov. 1807. Art. 33.



A Preface to the Reader.

THE great and general decay of Religion in this Nation, as it justly gives occasion of wonder, so it is of concernment great enough to excuse the trouble of enquiring into the true causes of so great a declension of Piety. And besides our own experience it is easily observed out of all the History of the Church, that a long peace and a continual succession of prosperous times leads on to the corruption of the Faith, the decay of Holiness and Charity. The Church of Christ hath seldom been a gainer by a temporal peace; as she grew in Riches and Power, she still went less in Piety and Holiness. Religion as it puts not on such beauties as allure the eye of the world, so it needs not the warmth of Halcyon days to breed

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in: like some precious gums, it distills in greatest plenty after storms and violent thunders. And Faith and Holiness have never more flourished, than when the Professors of it have been well exercised by the persecutions of the Adversaries. And however the common enemy of our Salvation doth then act the Lion, worrying the little flock of Christ, *devouring and breaking in* Dan. 7. 7. *pieces and stamping the residue with his feet*; yet all this mischief is more than abundantly recompensed by those great advantages the Church of God receives by the triumphant sufferings and exemplary patience of the Saints. Insomuch that the mischief he doth in calm and prosperous times is more to be feared, because not so easily discerned and prevented, when by his serpentine subtilty he insinuates into the people of God the leaven of spiritual pride, schism,

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schism, contempt or neglect of his Word, with all the evils that wantonness or security bring in their retinue: so that as the blessings of Peace use to make up our thanksgivings, we have now reason to mention them in our penitential threnes and the songs of our sorrow. This cause hath had an universal influence, and corrupted even some of those whose Sacred Office obliged them to maintain the purity and sincerity of Religion either with their doctrine or their blood.

Whence the second cause has its rise; the great remissness both of civil and of sacred Discipline. This made men either transgress the Laws with impunity, or be censured with partiality. For the Ecclesiastick power (with grief I mention it, not as an argument of reproach) was not so strongly bent against prophaneness as duty and necessity did require. To which I may add that

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whose parentage is of the same cause, the lives of many Churchmen bore a greater conformity to the sins they were to reprove, than the virtues and precepts they taught. The world had so high a place in some of their hearts, that themselves soon found little interest in the hearts of the world. And when the Dispensers of Religion fall into contempt, it must be a strong arm, and more than that of flesh, that can bear up Religion it self, and keep that from falling too. As Government in the Church was intended a remedy against Schism, so the corruption of Government let in Schisms and Factions in a full channel.

And that is a third cause of the decay of Piety, *viz.* The Schisms, which have so shaken the fabrick of this Church, that nothing but a hand revealed from Heaven can restore it again to its former strength and soundness. An abused zeal hath
had

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had his evil influence upon the doctrines of almost all parties; that they have respectively thought the best way to find a truth, was to stand themselves at the greatest distance they could from their opponents. There were few parts either of *Faith* or *Obedience* which were not by some dissenting parties reported as needless superstition or sinful, on no better ground than this, that the thing could not be good in itself, because it came from an adversary: a ground as vain, as if the *Spaniard* should refuse the Gold with which his *Indian* fleet comes home laden, because it comes from the *Antipodes* of his Imperial City. By this means Faith and good Works, Prayer and Preaching, Repentance and Evangelical Holiness, Prayer in Forms and *Extempore* have been alternately cried up to one anothers prejudice or loss. And the effect hath been as ill as the principle was full

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of error and mistake. And from these disputes, the conclusion hath been made by many, that Religion might be well enough preserved and God sufficiently served without any of these; that what any Faction disputed against was not at all necessary; that the instances of all duty were so clearly in Scripture determined, that no argument could be strong enough to make a tender conscience doubt of the necessity. If these speculations had been confined to the Schools, the mischief had spread no further than the noise of their wranglings: but since they have been the exercise and trouble of the weakest understandings and the most illiterate men, they that held their Religion by the weakest tenure have first quitted the possession. So the publick assemblies have been made to serve the ends of faction, or wholly forsaken, and the hours of prayer have called them
too

The Preface.

too seldom into their closets; and the Church hath been abandoned by many, because they could not there hear the sweet whispers of peace and comfort for the rude noises of strife and debate.

For the fourth cause; mistaken zeal hath caused many Preachers to intermeddle too busily in their solemn discourses to the people with controversies not only Theological but Political too, with more respect to the interest of their party than that of Religion and the Kingdom of *Jesus*. Thus contention grew, and faction thrived, and charity first left our Pulpits and then our hearts: and while men were taken up with the consideration of mysteries, they neglected plain necessary duties, and fell into the sink of all sin and impiety; like the *Milesian* Philosopher, that with so much intention lift up his eyes to behold the stars, and consider their aspects, that neglecting

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lecting the care of the way he walked in, he fell into a lake, where he ended his life and speculation too. And this evil prevailed the more, because,

In the fifth place, there hath been a want of sufficient maintenance in many places of the Land for the support of faithful and able Ministers. Such from their Pulpits might have rebuked this foolish spirit that was gone forth, and knew how by their doctrine and more edifying example to preach Obedience and practical Religion, instead of sublime notions and useless mysteries and empty controversies; and would esteem it more honour, and find more comfort in subduing one lust, than to have fathom'd all the depths of such knowledge.

By all which it appears, that the disease is dangerous enough to need a remedy; and that the Reader hath many things beside his private concern-

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cernments to make the matter of his prayers. The way to exempt himself from the epidemical guilt of these evils is, to contend against them by prayer and practice: & that the right use of this Book may be of some efficacy to resist the growth of the evil, I have thus much reason to warrant my belief, because it hath already been more than once so well entertain'd abroad. Concerning which I will not weary the Reader, (who hath already, I suspect, too often looked forward to see how far it is to the end of this Address) to discourse to him of the Author, or this work. His own pen has set him forth more, than now to need either Panegyrick or testimonials. And the usefulness of the work I had rather the Reader should understand by his own experience than mine. If he be devout, the title and design will invite his eye and please it too: if not, I have no temptation to add any

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any more evidences and aggravation to his crime of scoffing Religion and Religious books.

If it be thought necessary that something may be said to compose the Reader's mind concerning Forms of Prayer, because *Extemporary* effusions are the only acceptable sacrifice, what use can there be of this Essay? I shall only say this, That the truly pious Reader may make use of this in his meditations, or other devotion, or as a pattern or *Directory* to both. This moreover is manifest, The Word of God is wholly silent in determining whether we should use Forms of Prayer or *Extempore*; and in other instances such silence is taken for an argument of indifferency. But however, the gift of Prayer consists not in a volubility of tongue, & ready command of words, (that hath supernatural, and this only natural causes) but in the true affection & sincerity of

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of the heart; For many graceless persons and mere hypocrites have been observed to excel in readiness of affectionate expression, and a great command of Scripture-phrase. But let the pious Christian seriously reflect upon his sins with a true and a growing sorrow, and work his heart into a deep affection of his wants, and a due apprehension of that Majesty to whom he makes his address, (to which end he may receive great assistance from this book;) and he who makes such preparation will want neither the gift nor reward of Prayer, whether his prayers be set and composed, or *extempore*. And if I may but feel the best effects of the Prayers of this Book offered up to Heaven with a spirit truly broken and humbled, (if the Christian Reader please to believe I deserve so much charity from him) I shall not be without reward, nor he use this Book without benefit.

A

*A short Narrative of the
Authors Life.*



Concerning those we love, we are curious to know all we can. And if the stone be of price, we are not contented the least fragment should perish. Know then that the Author of this Book was a Gentleman of an ancient Family. His Father was *James Quarles* of *Rumford* Esquire, Clerk of the Green-cloth, and Purveyor of the Navy to *Queen Elizabeth*, younger Brother to *Sir Robert Quarles*. After his Education at School in the Countrey and at *Christ's Colledge* in *Cambridge*, and last at *Lincolns Inne*, he was for some time Cup-bearer to the *Queen of Bohemia*, and then Secretary to the Reverend and learned the late *Lord Primate of Ireland*; last of all Chronologer to the City of *London*, in which office he died. And the world had known that by a more eminent testimony, if Death had not kept him from finishing what he had designed and begun. He was the Husband of one Wife, and by her the Father of eighteen children. As in his Life he had been most religious, so was he in his Death; in both a great Example of Devotion. He died *September 8. 1644.* being two and fifty years old, and lieth buried in the Parish-Church of *S. Foster London.*

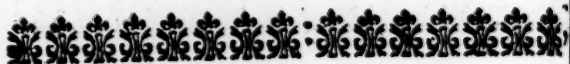
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Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Souls.

Part I.

The Sensual man's Solace.



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ome, let's be merry and rejoyce
our souls in frolick and in *fresh*
delights: Let's tear e our pam-
per'd hearts a pitch beyond the
reach of dull-brow'd sorrow:
Let's pass the slow-pac'd time in melancholy-
charming *mirth*, and take the advantage of our
youthful days: Let's banish *cave* to the dead
Sea of Phlegmatick *old age*: Let a *deep sigh*
be *high Treason*, and let a *solemn look* be ad-
judged a *Crime* too great for *Pardon*. My seri-
ous *studies* shall be to draw *mirth* into a body,
to analyse *laughter*, and to paraphrase upon
the various Texts of all *delight*. My *recreations*
shall be to still *Pleasure* into a quintessence, to
reduce *Beauty* to her first principles, and to
extract a perfect *Innocence* from the milk-white
Doves of *Venus*. Why should I spend my pre-
cious minutes in the sullen and dejected shades
of *sadness*? or ravel out my short-liv'd days
in solemn and heart-breaking *Care*? Hours
have Eagles wings, and when their hasty flight
shall put a period to our numbred days, the
world is gone with us, and all our forgotten
joys are left to be enjoyed by the succeeding
Generations, and we are snatch'd we know not
how,

gment

2 Judgment and Mercy Part I.

how, we know not whither, and wrapt in the dark bosom of eternal night. Come then, my soul, be wise, make use of the *time present*: that which is gone is past recalling, lost, and not to be redeemed. Eat thy Bread with a merry heart, and gulp down *care* in frolick cups of liberal Wine. Beguile the tedious nights with *dalliance*, and steep thy stupid senses in unctions and delightful sports: 'Tis all the portion that this transitory world can give thee. Let Musick, Voices, Masques, midnight Revels, and all that melancholick wisdom censures *vain*, be thy *delights*; and let thy care-abjuring soul *cheer up* and *sweeten* the short days of thy consuming youth. Follow the ways of thy own heart, and take the freedom of thy sweet *desires*. Leave no *delight* untried, and spare no cost to heighten up thy *Lusts*. Take pleasure in the choice of pleasures, and please thy curious eyes with all *varieties*, to satisfy thy soul in all things which thy heart *desires*. I but, my soul, when those *evil days* shall come wherein thy *wasting pleasures* shall present their *Items* to thy *bed-ridden view*, when all *diseases* and the *evils* of age shall muster up their Forces in thy crazie bones, where be thy *comforts* then?

His Sentence.

Consider, O my soul, and know that the day will come, and after that another, wherein for all these things

Eccles. 11. 9.

God will bring thee to judgment.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.

Eccles. 2. 1, 2.

I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; and therefore enjoy pleasure: and behold this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?

Jam. 5. 5.

I have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter.

Eccles. 7. 4.

The heart of the wise man is in the house of mourning: but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.

Isid. in Synonymis.

Pleasure is an Inclination to the unlawful objects of a corrupted mind, allured with a momentary sweetness.

Hugo.

Sensuality is an immoderate indulgence of the flesh, a sweet poison, a strong plague, a dangerous position, which effeminates the body, and enervates the soul.

Cass. lib. 4. Ep.

They are most sensible of the burthen of affliction that are most taken with the pleasures of the flesh.

His

His Soliloquy.

WHat hast thou now to say, O my soul, why this *judgment*, seconded with divine *proofs*, back'd with the *harmony* of holy men, should not proceed against thee? Dally no longer with thy own *Salvation*, nor flatter thy own *Corruption*. Remember, the wages of flesh are *sin*, and the wages of sin *Death*. God hath threatned it, whose *judgments* are *terrible*; God hath witnessed it, whose *words* are *truth*. Consider then, my soul, and let not *momentary pleasures* flatter thee into *eternity* of torments. How many that have *trod thy steps* are now roaring in the *flames of Hell*? and yet thou triest away the time of thy *Repentance*. O my poor deluded soul, presume no longer; Repent to day, lest to morrow come too late. Or couldst thou travel out thy days beyond *Methusalem*, tell me, alas! what will *Eternity* be the shorter for the deduction of a thousand years? Be wisely provident therefore, O my soul, and bid *vanity*, the common sorceress of the world, farewell. Life and death are yet before thee; Abuse life, and the God of life will seal thy choice. Prostrate thy self before him who delights not in the *death of a sinner*, and present thy *Petitions* to him who can deny thee nothing in the name of a *Saviour*.

His Prayer.

O God, in the beauty of whose holiness is the true joy of those that love thee, the full happiness of those that fear thee, and the only rest of those that prize thee, in respect of which the transitory pleasures of the world are less than nothing, in comparison of which the greatest wisdom of the world is folly, and the glory of the earth but dross and dung; how dares my boldness thus presume to press into thy glorious presence? What can my prayers expect but thy just wrath and heavy indignation? O what return can the tainted breath of my polluted lips deserve, but to be bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell? But, Lord, the merits of my Saviour are greater than the offences of a sinner, and the sweetness of thy mercy exceeds the sharpness of my misery. The horror of thy judgments hath seized upon me, and I languish through the sense of thy displeasure. I have forsaken thee, the rest of my distressed soul, and set my affections upon the vanity of the deceitful world; I have taken pleasure in my foolishness, and have vaunted myself in mine iniquity; I have flattered my soul with the honey of delights, whereby I am made sensible of the sting of my affliction: therefore I loath and utterly abhor my self, and from the bottom of my heart repent in dust and ashes. Behold, O Lord, I am impure and vile, and have wallowed in the puddle of mine own

own

6. Judgment and Mercy Part

own Corruptions. The Sword of thy displeasure is drawn out against me, and what shall I plead, O thou preserver of mankind? Make me a new Creature, O my God, and destroy the old man within me. Remove my affection from the love of transitory things, that I may run the way of thy Commandments. Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and make thy Testimonies my whole delights. Give me strength to discern the emptiness of the creature and inebriate my heart with the fulness of thy Joys. Be thou my portion, O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Be thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer me not to sink under the corruptions of my heart. Let not the house of mirth beguile me, but give me a sense of the evil to come. Accept my free-will-offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name. Then will I magnifie thy mercies, O God, and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Bernard.

*Delicate and tender members become not a heap
stuck with thorns.*

Anonym.

*The pleasure of sin vanishes, the guilt remains
and the punishment is eternal.*

The Vain-glorious mans Vaunt.



What tell'st thou me of *Conscience* or a *pious* life? They are good *trades* for a *leadens* spirit, that can stand *bent* to every *frown*, and wants the *brains* to make a *higher Fortune*, or *courage* to achieve that *honour* which might *glorifie* their *names*, and write their *memories* in the *Chronicles* of *Fame*. 'Tis true, *Humility* is a *needful* gift in those that have no *Quality* to exercise their *pride*; and *Patience* is a *necessary* *Grace* to keep the world in *peace*, and him that hath it in a *whole skin*, and often proves a *virtue* born of a *mere necessity*. And civil *Honesty* is a *fair* *presence* for him that hath no wit to act the *Knave*, and makes a man capable of a little higher *style* than *Fool*. And blushing *Modesty* is a *pretty innocent* quality, and serves to vindicate an easie nature from the imputation of all *ill-breeding*. These are *inferior* *Graces*, that have not got a *good opinion* in the *dull wisdom* of the world, and appear like water among the *Elements*, to moderate the *body Politick*, and keep it from *combustion*; nor do they come into the *work* of *honour*. *Virtue* consists in *Action*, and the reward of *Action* is *Glory*. *Glory* is the great soul of the little world, and is the *Crown* of all *sublime attempts*, and the point whereto the *crooked ways* of *policy* are all *concentrick*. Honour consists not with a *pious* life.

8 Judgment and Mercy Part I

life. Let those that are ambitious of a religious reputation abjure all honourable Titles, and let their dough-bak'd spirits take a pride in *sufferance* (the Anvil of all injuries) and be thankfully basted into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, murders, treasons, dispossessions, riots are venial things to men of honour, and often co-incident in high pursuits. Had my dull Conscience stood upon such nice points, that little honour I have won had glorified some other arm, and left me begging Morsels at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soul, *Id factum iuvat, quod fieri non licet*. Fear not to do, what crowns thee being done. Ride on with thy honour, and create a name to live with fair Eternity. Enjoy thy purchas'd Glory as the merit of thy renowned Actions, and let thy memory entail it to succeeding generations. Make thy own game: and if thy Conscience check thee, correct thy sawcy Conscience, till she stand as mute as metamorphos'd Niobe. Fear not the frowns of Princes, or the imperious band of various Fortune: Thou art too bright for the one to obscure, and too great for the other to cry down.

His Verdict.

But hark, my soul, I hear a voice that thunders in mine ear.

Hos. 4. 7.

I will change their glory into shame.

His

His Proofs.

Pfal. 49. 20.

MA N that is born in honour and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good to eat too much Honey: so for men to search their own glory is not glory.

Jer. 9. 23.

Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.

Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, &c.

S. August.

The vain-glory of the world is a deceitful sweetness, an unfruitful labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous bravery, begun without providence, and finished not without repentance.

Chrysost.

If thou desirest to be magnified and accounted honourable, despise honour, so shalt thou be honoured even of all.

S. Greg.

He that makes transitory honour the reward of a good work, sets eternal glory at a low rate.

His Soliloquy.

Vain-glory is a Froth, which blown off discovers a great want of measure. Canst thou, O my soul, be guilty of such an emptiness, and not be challeng'd? Canst thou appear in the searching eye of heaven, and not expect to be cast away? Deceive not thyself. O my soul, nor flatter thyself with thine own greatness. Search thyself to the bottom, and thou shalt find enough to humble thee. Dost thou glory in the favour of a Prince? The frowns of a Prince determine it. Dost thou glory in thy strength? A poor Ague betrays it. Dost thou glory in thy wealth? The hand of a thief extinguishes it. Behold, my soul, how like a Bubble thou appearest, and with a Sign break into sorrow. The gate of heaven is strait; canst thou hope to enter without breaking? The Bubble that would pass the Flood-gates must first dissolve. My soul, melt thee in tears, and empty thyself of all thy vanity, and thou shalt find divine Repletion; evaporate in thy Devotion, and thou shalt recruit thy greatness to eternal Glory.

Anonym.

Remember, O man, from whence thou wert taken
and that thou art brother to the dunghill.

His Prayer.

AND can I chuse, O God, but tremble
 at thy Judgments? Or can my stony heart
 not stand amazed at thy Threatnings? It is
 thy voice, O God, and thou hast spoken it: It
 is thy voice, O God, and I have heard it. Hadst
 thou so dealt by me as thou didst by Babel's
 proud King, and driven me from the sons of
 men, thou hadst but done according to thy
 righteousness, and rewarded me according to
 my deservings. What couldst thou see in me
 less worthy of thy vengeance, than in him the
 example of thy justice? or, Lord, wherein am
 I more incapable of thy indignation? There is
 nothing in me to move thy *mercy* but my *mi-*
serery. Thy *goodness* is thy self, and hath no
 ground but what proceedeth from it self: yet
 have I sinned against that *goodness*, and have
 thereby heaped up wrath against the day of
 wrath; insomuch that, had not thy grace
 abounded with my sin, I had long since been
 confounded in my sin, and swallowed up in the
 Gulf of thy displeasure. But, Lord, thou takest
 no delight to punish, and with thee is no re-
 spect of persons: Thou takest no pleasure in
the confusion of thy creature, but rejoycest ra-
 ther in the *conversion* of a sinner. Convert me
 therefore, O God, I shall be then converted:
 Make me sensible of my own corruptions,
 that I may see the vileness of my own con-
 dition. Pull down the *pride* of my ambiti-

ones heart; *bumble* me, thou O God, and I shall be humbled; wean me from the thirst of *transitory* honour, and let my whole delight be to *glory* in thee. Touch thou my *conscience* with the fear of thy name, that in all my actions I may fear to offend thee. Endue me, O Lord, with the spirit of *meekness*, and teach me to overcome evil with a patient heart: *moderate* and curb the exorbitances of my passion, and give me a *temperate* use of all thy creatures. Replenish my heart with the Graces of thy spirit, that in all my ways I may be acceptable in thy sight. In all conditions give me a *contented* mind, and upon all occasions grant me a grateful heart; that *honouring* thee here in the Church Militant before men, I may be glorified hereafter in the Church Triumphant before thee and Angels; where filled with *true* glory according to the measure of Grace: thou shalt be pleased to give me here, I may with Angels and Arch-angels praise thy Name for ever and ever hereafter.

S. Chrysost.

They who have despised all the tentations of riches, and have defiled themselves with no worldly imagination, and have nobly resisted the strong impulses of concupiscence, oftentimes being overcome with vain-glory have lost all.

The Oppressors Plea.



and I
hirst of
ight be
science
y acti-
ne, O
ach me
mode-
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Seek but what's my own by *Law* ;
It was his *own free Act and Deed* :
The execution lies for *goods* or
body, and *goods* or *body* I will
have, or else my *money*. What
if his *beggerly children* pine, or his *proud wife*
perish ? They perish at their *own* charge, not
mine ; and what is that to me ? I must be *paid*,
or he *lie by it* until I have my *utmost farthing*,
or his *bones*. The *Law* is just and good, and
being ruled by that, how can my fair proceed-
ings be *unjust* ? What's *thirty in the hun-*
dred to a man of *Trade* ? Are we born to
thrum *Caps* or pick *Straws* ? and sell our *live-*
lihood for a few *tears*, and a *whining face* ? I
thank God they move me not so much as a *how-*
ling dog at midnight. I'll give no *day* if *bea-*
st it self would be *security* : I must have *pre-*
sent money, or his *bones*. The *Commodity* was
good enough, as wares went then ; and had he
had but a *thriving wit*, with the necessary help
of a *good merchandable conscience*, he might
have gained *perchance* as much as now he *lost* :
but howsoever, gain or not gain, I must have
my *money*. Two tedious *Terms* my dearest
gold hath lain in his *unprofitable* hands. The
cost of *Suits* hath made me bleed above a
score of *Royals*, besides my *Interest*, travel,
half-pints and bribes ; all which does but in-
crease my *beggerly* defendants damages, and
sets

14 *Judgment and Mercy* Part I.

sets him deeper on my score : but right's right, and I will have my *money* or his *bones*. Fifteen shillings in the pound composition ! I'll hang first. Come, tell not me of a *good conscience* ; a good conscience is no parcel of my trade ; it hath made more *Bankrupts* than all the loose wives in the universal City. My conscience is no fool : It tells me that my own's my own, and that a well-cramm'd *bag* is no deceitful friend, but will stick close to me when all my *friends* forsake me. If to gain a good *estate* out of nothing, and to regain a desperate debt which is as good as nothing, be the fruits and sign of a *bad conscience*, God help the good. Come, tell not me of griping and *Oppression*. The world is hard, and he that hopes to thrive must gripe as hard. What I give I give, and what I lend I lend. If the way to heaven be to turn *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it. I know not what you call *Oppression* ; the *Law* is my direction, but of the two it is more profitable to oppress than to be oppressed. If debtors would be honest and discharge, our hands were bound ; but when their failing offends my *bags*, they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I must right them.

But ha ! what voice is this that whispers in mine ear ?

His Punishment.

The Lord will spoil the soul of the Oppressors,
Prov. 22. 23.

His Proofs.

Prov. 22. 22, 23.

ROB not the poor because he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in the gates: For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of them that have spoiled him.

Ezek. 22. 29, 31.

The people of the land have used oppression, and exercised Robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy; yea they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully: Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them; I have consumed them with the fire of my wrath.

Zech. 7. 9, &c.

Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother, and oppress not the widow nor the fatherless, nor the stranger nor the poor, and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his brother. But they refused to hearken; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hosts.

Bern. p 1691.

We ought so to care for our selves, as not to neglect the due regard of our neighbour.

Bern. Ibid.

He that is not merciful to another shall not find mercy from God: but if thou wilt be merciful and compassionate, thou shalt be a benefactor to thy own soul.

His Soliloquy.

IS it wisdom in thee, O my soul, to covet a *happiness*, or rather to account it so, that is sought for with a *judgment*, obtained with a *curse*, and punished with *damnation*; and to neglect that *good* which is assured with a *promise*, purchased with a *blessing*, and rewarded with a *Crown of Glory*? Canst thou hold it a *full estate*, a *good penitworth*, which is bought with the dear price of thy God's *displeasure*? Tell me, What continuance can that *Inheritance* promise that is raised upon the *ruines* of thy *Brother*? Or what *mercy* canst thou expect from heaven, that hath denied all *mercy* to thy *Neighbour*? O my hard-hearted soul, consider, and relent: Build not an house whose posts are subject to be rotted with a *curse*: Consider what the God of truth hath threatned against thy *cruelty*: Relent and turn *compassionate*, that thou maist be capable of his *compassion*. If the *desire of Gold* hath hardned thy heart, let the *tears of true Repentance* mollifie it: soften it with *Aarons ointment*, until it become like *Wax*, to take the impression of that *seal* which must confirm thy *Pardon*.

Prov. 5. 15.

Drink waters out of thine own Cistern.

His

His Prayer.

But will my God be now entreated? Is not my crying sin too loud for Pardon? Am I not sunk too deep into the Jaws of Hell, for thy strong arm to rescue? Hath not the *hardness* of my heart made me incapable of thy compassion? O if my tears might wash away my sin, my head should turn a living Spring. Lord, I have heard thee speak, and am afraid; the word is past, and thy judgments have found me out. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and the Jaws of Hell have overwhelmed me. I have oppressed the poor, and added affliction to the afflicted, and the voice of their misery is come before thee. They besought me with tears, and in the anguish of their souls, but I have stopt mine ears against the cry of their complaint. But, Lord, thou walkest not the ways of man, and remembrest mercy in the midst of thy wrath; for thou art good and gracious, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in compassion to all that shall call upon thee. Forgive me, O God, my sins that are past, and deliver me from the guilt of my Oppression. Take from me, O God, this heart of stone, and create in me a heart of flesh. Aswage the vehemency of my desires to the things below, and satisfie my soul with the sufficiency of thy Grace. In flame my affections, that I may love thee with a filial love; and encline me to relie upon thy fatherly providence,

Let

18 Judgment and Mercy Part I.

Let me account godliness my greatest gain, and subdue in me my lusts after filthy lucre. Preserve me, O Lord, from the vanity of self-love, and plant in my affections the true love of my neighbours. Endue my heart with the bowels of compassion, and then reward me according to thy righteousness. Direct me, O God, in the ways of my life, and let a good Conscience be my continual comfort. Give me a willing heart to make restitution of what I have wrongfully gotten by oppression. Grant me a lawful use of all thy Creatures, and a thankful heart for all thy benefits. Be merciful to all those that groan under the burthen of their own wants, and give them patience to expect thy deliverance. Give me a heart that may acknowledge thy favours, and fill my tongue with praise and thanksgiving: that living here a new life, I may become a new creature; and being ingrafted in thee by the power of thy grace, I may bring forth fruit to thy honour and glory.

S. Chrysoft.

God is not honoured in the expence of that money which is bedewed with the tears of the Oppressed.

Sol.

He that oppresseth the poor upbraideth his Maker.

The Drunkard's Jubilee.



What Complement will the severer world allow to the *vacant hours* of frolick-hearted youth? How shall their free, their *joyial spirits* entertain their time, their friends? What Oyl shall be infused into the Lamp of dear *society*, if they deny the privilege of a civil rejoycing Cup? It is the *life*, the radical humour of *united souls*: whose love-digestive heat even ripens and ferments the green materials of a plighted faith; without the help whereof *new married friendship* falls into *divorce*, and joyn'd acquaintance soon resolves into the first Elements of *strangeness*. What mean these strict Reformers thus to spend their hour-glasses, and bawle against our harmless cups? to call our meetings *Riots*, and brand our civil mirth with stiles of loose *Intemperance*? when they can sit at a Sisters Feast, devour and gormondize beyond excess, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath their surfeits in the long fustian Robes of a *tedious Grace*. Is it not much better in a fair friendly Round (since youth must have a swing) to steep our soul-afflicting sorrows in a chirping Cup, than hazard our estates upon the abuse of providence in a foolish cast at *Dice*? or at a *Cock-pit* leave our doubtful fortunes to the mercy of unmerciful contention? or spend our wanton days in sacrificing costly presents to

to a *fleshy Idol*? Was not *Wine* given to exhilarate the *drooping hearts* and raise the drowzy spirits of *dejected souls*? Is not the liberal *Cup* of the *Sucking-bottle* of the sons of *Pharisee*, to solace and refresh their palates in the nights of sad *Invention*? Let dry-brain'd *Zelots* spend their idle breaths; my cups shall be my *cordials* to restore my care becebbled *hearts* to the true *Temper* of a well-complexioned *mirth*. My solid *Brains* are potent, and can bear enough, without the least offence to my distempered *Senses*, or interruption of my boon companions. My *tongue* can in the very *Zenith* of my *Cups* deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts with better sense than these my grave *Reformers* can their best advised prayers. My *Constitution* is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendous vessel that ever sailed upon the tides of *Bacchan*. My *Reason* shrinks not; my *Passion* burns not.

O but, my soul, I hear a threatening voice that interrupts my language.

Esay 5. 22.

We be to them that are mighty to drink Wine.

His Proofs.

Prov. 20. 1.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging:
and whosoever is deceived thereby is not
wise.

Esay 5. 11.

Woe be to them that rise up early in the morning to
follow strong drink; that continue till night,
until wine inflame them.

Prov. 23. 20.

Be not amongst wine-bibbers.

1 Cor. 5. 11.

Now I have written unto you, not to keep company;
if any that is called a brother be a drunkard,
with such a one no not to eat.

Aug. in lib. Poen.

Whilst the drunkard swallows wine, wine swallows
him; God disregards him, Angels despise him,
Men deride him, Vertue declines him, the De-
vil destroys him.

Aug. ad sac. Virg.

Drunkennes is the mother of all evil, the matter
of all mischief, the well-spring of all vices, the
trouble of the senses, the tempest of the tongue, the
shipwrack of chastity, the consumption of time, a
voluntary madness, the corruption of manners,
the distemper of the body, and the destruction of
the soul.

His

His Soliloquy.

MY soul, it is the voice of God, digested into a judgment. There is no kicking against Pricks, or arguing against a divine Truth. Pleadest thou *Custom*? Custom in sin multiplies it. Pleadest thou *Society*? Society in the offence aggravates the punishment, Pleadest thou *help to Invention*? Woe be to that barrenness that wants such showers. Pleadest thou *strength* to bear much Wine? Woe to those that are mighty to drink strong drink. My soul, thou hast sinned against thy Creator, in abusing that creature he made to serve thee; Thou hast sinned against the creature, in turning it to the Creator's dishonour; Thou hast sinned against thy self, in making thy comfort thy confusion. How many want that blessing thou hast turn'd into a curse? How many thirst whilst thou surfeitest? What satisfaction wilt thou give to the Creator, to the creature, to thy self, against all whom thou hast transgressed? To thy self, by a sober life; to the creature, by a right use; to thy Creator, by a true Repentance: the way to all which is Prayer and Thanksgiving.

His Prayer.

HOW truly then, O God, this heavy woe belongs to this my boasted sin? How many judgments are comprised and abstracted in this woe, and all for me, even me, O God, the miserable subject of thy eternal wrath; even me, O Lord, the mark whereat the shafts of thy displeasure level? Lord, I was a sinner in my first conception, and in sin hath my mother brought me forth: I was no sooner, but I was a slave to sin; and all my life is nothing but the practice and trade of high Rebellion. I have turn'd thy blessings into thy dishonour, and all thy graces into wantonness. Yet hast thou been my God even from the very womb, and didst sustain me when I hung upon my mothers breast. Thou hast washed me, O Lord, from my pollution; but like a Swine I have returned to my mire. Thou hast glanced into my breast the blessed motions of thy holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the spring-tides of my in-born corruption. I have vomited up my filthiness before thee, and like a dog have I returned to my vomit. Be merciful, O God, unto me. Have mercy on me, O thou Son of *David*. I cannot, O Lord, expect the childrens bread; yet suffer me to lick the crumbs that fall beneath their table. I that have so oft abused the greatest of thy blessings, am not worthy of the meanest of thy favours. Look, look upon me according to the goodness of thy mercy,

24 Judgment and Mercy Part I.

mercy, and not according to the greatness of my offences. Give me, O God, a *sober heart*, and a lawful *moderation* in the enjoyment of thy *Creatures*. Reclaim my appetite from unseasonable delights, lest I turn thy blessings into a curse. In all my dejection be thou my comfort, and let my rejoicing be only in thee. Propose to mine eyes the evilness of my days, and make me careful to redeem my time. Wean me from the pleasure of vain *society*, and let my *Companions* be such as fear thee. Forgive all such as have been partners in my sin, and turn their hearts to the obedience of thy *Laws*. Open their ears to the reproofs of the wise, and make them powerful in reformation. Allay that lust which my *intemperance* hath inflam'd, and cleanse my affections with the grace of thy good spirit. Make me thankful for the strength of my body, that I may for the time to come return it to the advantage of thy glory.

S August.

It is most shameful, that lust should subdue him whom the strength of man cannot: that he should be overcome with wine, that scorns to stoop to another's sword.

Ecclus. 31. 35.

Show not thy valiantness in wine, for wine hath destroyed many.

The Searchers Apologie.


Will Boanerges never cease? And
will these *Plague-denouncers* ne-
ver leave to thunder judgments
in my trembling ear? Nothing
but *plagues*? nothing but *judg-*
ments? nothing but *damnation*?
What have I done to make my case *desperate*?
And what have they not done to make my
soul *despair*? Have I set up false Gods like the
Egyptians? Or have I bowed before them like
the *Israelites*? Have I violated the Sabbath
like the *Libertines*? Or, like cursed *Cham*, have
I discovered my fathers nakedness? Have I
embued my hands in blood like *Barabbas*?
Or like *Absolon* defiled my fathers Bed? Have
I like *Jacob* supplanted my elder brother?
Or like *Abab* intruded into *Nabobs* Vineyard?
Have I born false witness like the wanton *El-*
ders? Or like *David* covered *Uriahs* wife?
Have I not given *Tithes* of all I have? Or
hath my *purse* been hide-bound to my hungry
brother? Hath not my *life* been *blameless* be-
fore men? and my *demeanour* *unreprovable* be-
fore the world? Have I not hated *Vice* with
a perfect hatred? and countenanc'd *virtue*
with a due respect? What mean these *strict*
observers of my life, to ransack every *action*,
to carp at every *word*, and with their sharp
censorious tongues to sentence every *frailty*
with *damnation*? Is there no *allotrance* to
humanity?

26 Judgment and Mercy Part I.

humanity ? No *Grains* to flesh and bloud ? Are we all *Angels* ? Has mortality no *priviledge* to supersede it from the utmost punishment of a little *necessary* frailty ? Come, come, my soul, let not these *judgment-thunders* fright thee : Let not these *Qualms* of their *exuberant Zeal* disturb thee. Thou hast not cursed like *Shimei*, nor rail'd like *Rabshakeb*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor slander'd like thy *accusers*. They that censure thy *Gnats* swallowed their own *Camels*. What if the luxuriant style of thy discourse do chance to strike upon an obvious *Oath* ? art thou straight hurried into the bosom of a *Plague* ? What if the *custom* of a harmless *Oath* should captivate thy heedless tongue ? can nothing under sudden *judgment* seize upon thee ? What if anothers *diffidence* should force thy earnest lips into a hasty *Oath*, in confirmation of a suffering *truth* ? must thou be straight-ways branded with *damnation* ? Was *Joseph* mark'd for everlasting death, for swearing by the life of *Egypt's King* ? Was *Peter* when he so denied his Master, straight damn'd for *swearing*, and forswearing ? O flatter not thy self, my soul, nor turn thou *Advocate* to so high a sin : Make not the *slips* of Saints a *president* for thee to *fall*.

His Arraignment.

If the *Rebukes* of flesh may not prevail, hear then the *threatning* of the Spirit, which saith, *The Plague shall not depart from the house of the Swearer.*

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 7.

THou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain.

Zech. 5. 3.

And every one that sweareth shall be cut off.

Matth. 5. 34, &c.

Swear not at all: neither by Heaven, for it is God's Throne; nor by Earth, for it is his footstool: But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Jer. 23. 10.

Because of swearing the Land mourneth.

August. in Ser.

The murderer killeth the body of his brother; but the sweaver murders his own soul.

August. in Psal. 88.

It's well that God hath forbidden man to swear, lest by custom of swearing (inasmuch as we are apt to mistake) we commit perjury: there's none but God can safely swear, because there's no other but may be deceived.

August. de Mendacio.

I say unto you, Swear not at all; lest by swearing ye come to a facility of swearing, from a facility to a custom, and from a custom ye fall into perjury.

His

His Soliloquy.

O What a *judgment* is here ! How terrible ! How full of execution ! The *Plague* ! the extract of all diseases ! none so mortal, none so comfortless ! it makes our house a *Prison*, our friends *strangers*. No comfort but in the expectation of the *months* end. I, but this judgment excludes that comfort too ; The *Plague* shall never depart from the house of the *swearer*. What never ? *Death* will give it a Period. No, but it shall be entail'd upon his house, his family. O detestable ! O destructive sin ! that leaves a *Cross* upon the doors of *Generations*, and lays whole families upon the dust. A sin whereto neither *Profit* incites, nor *Pleasure* allures, nor *Necessity* compels, nor *Inclination* of nature perswades ; a meer *voluntary*, begun with a *malignant* imitation, and continued with an *habitual* presumption. Consider, O my soul, every *Dart* hath been a nail to wound that *Saviour* whose *bloud* (O mercy above expression !) must save thee : Be sensible of thy *Actions* and his *sufferings* : Abhor thy self in dust and *ashes*, and magnifie his mercy that hath turn'd this judgment from thee. Go, wash those wounds which thou hast made with tears, and humble thy self with Prayer and true Repentance.

His Prayer.

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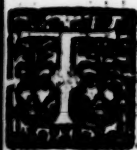
 ETERNAL and omnipotent God, before whose
 glorious name Angels and Archangels bow
 and hide their faces, to which the blessed Spi-
 rits and Saints of thy triumphant Church sing
 forth perpetual *Hallelujahs*; I, a poor Sprig
 of disobedient *Adam*, do here make bold to
 take that holy Name into my sin-polluted lips.
 I have heinously sinned, O God, against thee,
 and against it; I have disparaged it in my
 thoughts, dishonoured it in my words, pro-
 faned it in my actions; and I know thou art a
 jealous God, and a consuming fire, as faithful
 in thy promises, so fearful in thy judgments. I
 therefore fly from the dreadful name of *Je-*
hovah, which I have abused, to that gracious
 name of *Jesus*, wherein thou art well pleased:
 in that most sacred Name, O God, I fall before
 thee, and for his beloved sake, O Lord, I come
 unto thee. Cleanse thou my heart, O God,
 and then my tongue shall praise thee: wash
 thou my soul, O Lord, and then my lips
 shall bless thee. Work in my heart a fear
 of thy displeasure, and give me an awful re-
 verence of thy Name. Set thou a watch be-
 fore my lips, that I offend not with my
 tongue. Let no respects entice me to be an in-
 strument of thy dishonour, and let thy attributes
 be precious in my eyes: teach me the way of
 thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me sensible
 of all my offences. Let not my sinful customs in-
 fanning

sinning against thy Name take from my guilty
 soul the *sense* of my sin. Give me respect unto
 all thy Commandments; but especially pre-
 serve me from the danger of this my bosom
 sin. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy
 servants, and strike into my inward parts
 fear of thy judgments. Let all my communi-
 cation be order'd as in thy presence, and let the
 words of my mouth be governed by thy Spirit.
 Avert those judgments from me which thy
 Word hath threatned, and my sin hath de-
 served, and strengthen my resolution for the
 time to come. Work in me a true godly sor-
 row, that it may bring forth in me a newness
 of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the con-
 tinual meditation of thy Commandments, and
 mortifie those passions which provoke me to
 offend thee. Let not the *examples* of others in-
 duce me to this sin, nor let the frailties of my
 flesh seek Fig-leaves to cover it. Seal in my
 heart the full assurance of thy Reconciliation,
 and look upon me in the bowels of compassion
 that crowning my weak desires with thy All-
 sufficient power, I may escape this judgment
 which thy justice hath threatned here, and ob-
 tain that *happines* thy mercy hath promised
 hereafter.

S. Chrysost.

*There is none that useth to swear often, but will
 sometimes chance to forswear: as he that gives
 the reins to his tongue too much, often speaks
 that which he blushes for in silence.*

The Procrastinator's Remora's.



ELL me no more of *Fasting*,
Prayer, and *Death*: They fill my
 thoughts with dumps of *Melan-*
choly. These are no subjects for
 a *youthful ear*; no contemplati-
 ons for an *active soul*. Let them whom sul-
 len *Age* hath weaned from alery pleasures,
 whom wayward *fortune* hath condemned to
 sighs and groans, whom sad diseases have besla-
 ved to *drugs* and *diets*; let them consume the
 remnant of their wretched days in dull *devo-*
tion: Let them afflict their aking souls with
 the untunable discourses of *mortality*; let
 them contemplate on *evil days*, and read sharp
Leſures of their own experience. For me,
 my bones are full of unctuous *marrow*, and my
 bloud of *sprightly Youth*. My fair and free
 estate secures from the fears of *fortune's frown*,
 my *strength of constitution* hath the power to
 grapple with sorrow, sickness, nay the very
 bangs of death, and overcome. 'Tis true,
 God must be *sought*: What impious tongue
 dare be so basely bold to contradict so *known a*
truth? And by *Repentance* too: What strange
 impiety dare *deny* it? or what presumptuous
 lips dare *disavow* it? But there is a *time* for all
 things, yet none prefix for this, no *day design-*
ed; but, *At what time soever*. If my *unseasonable*
care should seek him now, the work would be
 too serious for so green a *seeker*. My thoughts are

yet unsettled, my fancy yet too-too gamesome, my judgment yet unsound, my will unsanctified. To seek him with an *unprepared* heart is the high way *not to find* him; or to find him with unsettled resolution is the next way to *lose* him, and indeed it wants but little of *prophaneness*, to be *unseasonably religious*. What is *once to be done*, is long to be deliberated. *Let the boiling pleasures* of the rebellious flesh evaporate a little, and let me drain my boggy soul from those corrupted in-bred humors of collapsed nature: and when the tender blossom of my youthful vanity shall begin to fade, my settled understanding will begin to *knave*, my solid judgment will begin to *ripen*, my rightly-guided will will be resolved, both what to *seek*, and when to *find*, and how to *prize*: till then my tender youth, in her pursuit, will be disturb'd with every blast of honour, diverted with every flash of pleasure, misled by counsel, turned back with fear, puzzl'd with doubt, interrupted by passion, withdrawn with prosperity, and discourag'd with adversity.

His Repulse.

Take heed, my soul: when thou hast lost thy self in thy journey, how wilt thou find thy God at thy journey's end? whom thou hast lost by too long delay, thou wilt hardly find with too late a diligence. Take time while time shall serve: that day may come wherein,

Hos. 5. 6.

Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not find him.

His

His Proofs.

Esay 55. 6.

SEEK the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.

Heb. 12. 17.

He found no place for repentance, though he sought it with tears carefully.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.

Revel 2. 21.

I gave her a space to repent, but she repented not: Behold therefore I will cast her, &c.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seek God whilst thou canst not see him; for when thou seeest him thou canst not find him: seek him by hope, and thou shalt find him by faith. In the day of grace he is invisible, but near; in the day of judgment he is visible, but far off.

Bern. Ser. 24.

If we would not seek God in vain, let us seek him in truth, often and constantly: Let us not seek another thing in stead of him, nor any other thing with him, nor for any other thing leave him.

His Soliloquy.

O My soul, thou hast sought *wealth*, and hast either not found it, or *cares* with it: Thou hast sought for *pleasure*, and hast found it, but no *comfort* in it: Thou soughtest *honour*, and hast found it, and perchance *fallen* with it: Thou soughtest *friendship*, and hast found it *false*; *society*, and hast found it *vain*. And yet thy *God*, the fountain of all wealth, pleasure, honour, friendship and society, thou hast slighted as a toy not worth the finding. Be wise, my soul, and blush at thy own *folly*. Set thy desires on the right *object*. Seek *wisdom*, and thou shalt find knowledge, and wealth, and honour, and length of days. Seek *heaven*, and *earth* shall seek *thee*; and defer not thy *Inquest*, lest thou lose thy *opportunity*. To *day* thou maist find him whom *to morrow* thou maist seek with tears, and miss. *Yesterday* is too late, *to morrow* is uncertain, *to day* is only *thine*. I but, my soul, I fear me too long delay hath made *this day* too late. Fear not, my soul: he that has given thee his *Grace to day* will forget thy neglect of *yesterday*: seek him therefore by true *repentance*, and thou shalt find him in thy *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God, that like thy precious Word are *hid* to none but who are *lost*, and yet art *found* by all that seek thee with an upright heart, cast down thy gracious eye upon a *lost* sheep of *Israel*, strayed through the vanity of his unbridled youth, and wandred in the wilderness of his own invention. Lord, I have too much delighted in mine own ways, and have *put* the *evil day* too far from me. I have wallowed in the *pleasures* of this deceitful world, which perish in the using, and have *neglected* thee my God, at whose right hand are *pleasures* for evermore. I have drawn on *iniquity* as with *Cart ropes*, and have committed *evil* with *greediness*. I have *quenched* the motions of thy good *spirit*, and have *delayed* to seek thee by true and unfeigned *repentance*. Instead of seeking thee whom I have *lost*, I have withdrawn my self from thy presence when thou hast *sought* me. It were but *justice* therefore in thee to stop thine ears at my petitions, or turn my Prayers as *sin* into my *bosom*. But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and full of pity and unwearied compassion, and thy loving-kindness is from generation to generation. Lord, in not *seeking* thee I have utterly *lost* my self, and if thou *find* me not, I am *lost* for ever; and if thou *find* me, thou canst not but find me in my *sins*, and then thou *findest* me to my own *destruction*. How miserable, O Lord, is

my condition! How necessary is my confusion that have neglected to *seek* thee, and therefore am afraid to be found of thee! But, Lord, if thou look upon the all-sufficient *merits* of thy Son, thy *justice* will be no loser in shewing mercy upon a sinner: In his *name* therefore I present my self before thee; in his *merits* I make my humble approach unto thee: in his name I offer up my feeble Prayers; for his *merits* grant me my petitions. Call not to mind the *rebellions* of my flesh, and remember not, O God, the vanities of my youth: Inflame my heart with the *love* of thy presence, and relish my meditations with the *pleasure* of thy sweetness. Let not the consideration of thy *justice* overwhelm me in *despair*, nor the meditation of thy mercy persuade me to presume. Sanctifie my *will* by the wisdom of thy Spirit, that I may *desire* thee as the chiefest good. Quicken my *desires* with a fervent zeal, that I may *seek* my Creator in the days of my youth. Teach me to *seek* thee according to thy *will*, and then be found according to thy *promise*; that living in me here by thy *grace*, I may hereafter reign with thee in *glory*.

Greg.

God that hath promised pardon to the penitent, hath not promised the respite of to morrow to the impenitent sinner.

The Hypocrites Prevarication.



Here is no such stuff to make a cloak on as Religion; nothing so fashionable, nothing so profitable: It is a *Livery* wherein a wise man may serve two masters, God and the world, and make a gainful service by either. I serve both, and in both *my self*, in *prevaricating* with both. Before *man* none serves his God with more severe devotion, for which among the best of men I work my own ends and serve my self. In private I serve the world, not with so strict devotion, but with more delight, where fulfilling of her servants *lusts* I work my end and serve my self. The house of Prayer who more frequents than I? In all Christian duties who more forward than I? I fast with those that fast, that I may eat with those that eat: I mourn with those that mourn. No hand more open to the cause than mine, and in their families none prays longer and with louder zeal. Thus when the opinion of a holy life hath cried the goodness of my Conscience up, my trade can lack no custom, my wares can want no price, my words can need no credit, my actions can lack no praise. If I am covetous, it is interpreted providence; if miserable, it is counted temperance; if melancholy, it is construed godly sorrow; if merry, it is voted spiritual joy: If I be rich, 'tis thought the blessing of a godly life; if poor, supposed.

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supposed the fruit of *conscionable dealing*: if I be well spoken of, it is the merit of *holy conversion*; if ill, it is the malice of *Malignants*. Thus I sail with every wind, and have my end in all conditions. This cloak in Summer keeps me cool, in Winter warm, and hides my nasty Bag of all my secret lusts. Under this Cloak I walk in publick fairly with applause, and in private sin securely without offence, and efficiate wisely without discovery. I compass Sea and Land to make a *Profelyte*; and no sooner made, but he makes me. At a *Fast* I cry Geneva, and at a *Feast* I cry Rome. If I be poor, I counterfeite abundance to save my credit; if Rich, I dissemble Poverty to save charges. I most frequent *Schismatical Lectures*, which I find most profitable, from whence learning to divulge and maintain new doctrines, they maintain me in suppers thrice a week. I use the help of a lie sometimes, as a *Religious Stratagem* to uphold the Gospel; and I colour oppression with God's judgments executed upon the wicked. *Charity* I hold an extraordinary duty, therefore not ordinarily to be performed. What I openly reprove abroad, for my own profit, that I secretly act at home, for my own pleasure.

His Woe.

But stay, I see a hand writing in my heart damps my soul: 'tis charactered in these sad words.

Matth. 23. 13.

Woe be to you, Hypocrites?

His

His Proofs.

Job 20. 5.

THe triumphing of the wicked is short, the joy of a hypocrite is but for a moment.

Job 15. 34.

The Congregation of the hypocrites shall be desolate.

Prov. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour: but through knowledge shall the just be delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisie.

Job 36. 13, 14.

The hypocrites in heart heap up wrath: They die in their youth, and their life is amongst the unclean.

Salvian. de Gubern. Dei, l. 4.

The hypocrites love not those things they profess, and what they pretend in words they disclaim in practice: their sin is the more damnable because ushered in with pretence of piety, having the greater guilt because it obtains a godly repate.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, than to be thought holy; for what profits it thee to be thought to be what thou art not? and that man doubles his guilt, who is not so holy as the world thinks him, and counterfeits that holiness which he hath not.

His Soliloquy.

HOW like a living *Sepulchre* did I appear without, beautified with *Gold* and rich *invention*; within, nothing but a loathed *corruption*? So long as this fair *Sepulchre* was clos'd, it pass'd for a curious Monument of the *Builders Art*; but being opened by these spiritual *Keys*, 'tis nothing but a *Receptacle* of offensive *putrefaction*. In what a *nasty dungeon* hast thou, my soul, so long remain'd unstifled? How wert thou *wedded* to thy own *corruptions*, that could'st endure thy unsavoury filthiness? The *world* hated me, because I *seemed* good; *God* hated me, because I *only seemed* good. I had no *friend* but my self, and this friend was my bosom-enemy. O my soul, is there *water* enough in *Jordan* to cleanse thee? Hath *Gilead Balm* enough to *beal* thy superannuated sores? I have sinned: I am convinced, I am convicted. *God's Mercy* is above *Dimensions*, when sinners have not sinned beyond *Repentance*. Art thou, my soul, truly *penitent* for thy sin? Thou hast free *interest* in his *mercy*. Fall then, my soul, before his *Mercy-seat*, and he will crown thy *Penitence* with his *pardon*.

His Prayer.

O God, before the brightness of whose All-
 discerning eye the *secrets* of my heart ap-
 pear, before whose clear omniscience the very
entrails of my soul lie open, who art a God of
 righteousness and truth, and lovest uprightnes
 in the inward parts; How can I chuse but
 fear to thrust into thy glorious presence, or
 move my sinful lips to call upon that Name
 which I so often have dishonoured, and made
 a *Gloak* to hide the baseness of my *close* tran-
 gressions? Lord, when I look into the progress
 of my filthy life, my guilty conscience calls
 me to so strict account, and reflects me to so
 large an inventory of my *presumptuous* sins,
 that I commit a greater sin in thinking them
 more infinite than thy *mercy*. But, Lord, thy
mercies have no date, nor is thy *goodness* cir-
 cumscribed. The gates of thy compassion are
 always open to a *broken heart*, and promise
 entertainment to a *contrite spirit*. The burthen
 of my *sins* is grievous, and the remembrance
 of my *hypocrisie* is intolerable. I have *sinned*
 against thy Majesty with a *high hand*, but I
 repent me from the bottom of an *humble*
heart: as thou hast therefore given me *sorrow*
 for my sins, so crown that gift in the free-
 nels of *Remission*. Be fully *reconcil'd* to me
 through the All-sufficient *merits* of thy Son my
 Saviour, and seal in my afflicted heart the
 full assurance of thy *gracious favour*. Be thou
 exal'd

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exalted, O God, above the Heavens, and let me praise thee with a *single* heart. Cleanse thou my inward parts, O God, and purifie the closet of my polluted soul. *Fix* thou my *heart*, O thou searcher of all secrets, and keep my *affections* wholly to thee. Remove from me all *by* and base *respects*, that I may serve thee with an *upright* spirit. Take not the word of truth out of my mouth, nor give me over to *deceitful* lips. Give me an *inward* reverence of thy Majesty, that I might *openly* *confess* thee in the truth of my *sincerity*. Be thou the only *object* and *end* of all my actions; and let thy *honour* be my great reward. Let not the *hopes* of filthy lucre or the *praise* of men incline me to thee; neither let the *pleasure* of the world nor the *fears* of any *loss* entice me from thee. Keep me from those *judgments* my *hypocrisie* hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution to abhor my former life. Give me strength, O God, to serve thee with a *perfect* heart in the *newness* of life, that I may be delivered from the *old* man, and the snares of *death*. Then shall I praise thee with my *entire* *affections*, and glorifie thy name for ever and ever.

Anonym.

The Hypocrite, that deceives the eye of man, cannot the eye of God: He fears the eye of them that can only observe, but fears not the eye of God, who will certainly punish.

The Ignorant mans faultering.



YOU tell me, and you tell me that I must be a good man, and serve God, and do his will; and so I do, for ought I know. I am sure I am as good as God has made me, and I can make my self no better, so I cannot. And as for serving God, I am sure I go to Church as well as the best in the Parish, though I be not so fine. And I make no question, if I had better cloaths, but I should do God as much credit as another man, though I say it. And as for doing God's will, I beshrew me, I leave that to them that are book-learn'd and can do it more wisely. I believe the Vicar of our Parish can do it, and has done it too, as well as any within five miles of his head: and what need I trouble my self to do what is so well done already? I hope he being so good a Church-man, and so great a Schollard, and can speak Latin too, would not leave that to so simple a man as I. It is enough for me to know that God is a good man; and that the ten Commandments are the best prayers in all the book, unless it be the Creed; and that I must love my Neighbour as well as he loves me: and for all other Quilicomes, they shall never trouble my brains, an Grace a God. Let me go a Sundays and serve God, obey the King (God bless him) do no man no wrong, say the Lord's prayer every morning and evening, follow my work, give a Noble to the poor

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poor at my death, and then say, *Lord have mercy upon me*, and go away like a *Lamb*, I make no question but I shall deserve *heaven* as well as he that wears a *gayer coat*. But yet I'me not so ignorant neither, nor have not gone so often to *Church*, but I know *Christ* died for me too, as well as for any other man, I'de be sorry else; and that next to our *Vicar*, I shall go to *heaven* when I am dead as soon as another: nay more, I know there be two Sacraments, *bread* and *wine*, and but two, (though the *Papists* say there be six or seven) and that I verily believe I shall be saved by those *Sacraments*; and that I love God above all, or else 'twere pity of life; and that when I am dead and rotten (as our *Vicar* told me) I shall rise again and be the same man as I was. But for that he must excuse me, till I have better satisfaction: for all his learning, he cannot make me such a fool, unless he shew me a better reason for't than yet he has done.

His Award.

But one thing he told me, now I think on't troubles me woundly, namely, that God is my *Master*, all which I confess; and that I must do his will (whether I know how to do it or not) or else it will go ill with me. I'll read it (he said) out of God's *Bible*; and I shall remember the words so long as I have a day to live, which are these,

Luke 12. 48.

He that knoweth not his masters will, and doth things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes.

H.

His Proofs.

1 Cor. 14. 20.

Brethren, be not children in understanding: howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.

1 Cor. 15. 34.

Awake to righteousness and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak it to to your shame.

Ephes. 4. 18.

Walk not in the vanity of your minds, having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the Ignorance which is in you, because of the blindness of your hearts.

Levit. 5. 17.

And if a soul sin and commit any of these things which are forbidden to be done by the commandments of the Lord, though he wist it not, yet he is guilty, and shall bear his iniquity.

Greg. Mag. Moral.

It is good to know much, and to live well: but if we cannot attain both, it is better to desire piety than wisdom; for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth blessedness consist in intellectual. The only brave thing is a religious life.

Just. Mart. resp. ad orthod.

To sin against knowledge is so much the greater offence than an ignorant trespass, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuse is more heinous than the fault which admits a tolerable plea.

His

His Soliloquy.

HOW well it had been for thee, O my soul, if I had been *book-learned* ! Alas ! I cannot *read*, and what I hear I cannot understand ; I cannot *profit* as I *should*, and therefore cannot be as *good* as I *would*, for which I am right sorry. That I cannot *serve* God as well as my *bettors*, hath been often a great grief to me ; and that I have been so *ignorant* in good things, hath been a great heart-breaking to me. I can say no prayers for want of knowledge to read, but *Our Father*, and the *Creed* : But the comfort is, God knows my heart. But I trust in God *Our Father*, being made by Christ himself, will be enough for me that know not how to make a better. I endeavour to do all our *Vicar* bids me ; and when I receive the *Communion* I truly forgive all the world for a *fortnight* after or such a matter : but then some old *injury* makes me *forget* my self ; but I cannot help it, an my life should lie on't. O my ingrant soul, what shall I do to be saved ? All that I can say is, *Lord have mercy upon me* ; and all that I can do is, but to do my good will : and that I'll do with all my heart, and say my *Prayers* too as well as God will give me leave, an grace a God.

His Prayer.

O God the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon me miserable sinner. I am, as I must needs confess, a sinful man, as my forefathers were before me. I have heard many Sermons, and have had many good lessons from the mouths of painful Ministers; but through the *dulness* of my *understanding*, and for *want* of *learning*, I have not profited so much as else I should have done: spare me therefore, O God, spare me whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood, and be not angry for ever. I must confess the *painfulness* of my *calling* and the *heaviness* of my own *nature* hath taken from me the delight of *hearing* thy word; and the ignorance of learning, which I was never brought up to, hath kept me from *reading* it; insomuch that, in stead of growing better, I fear I have grown worse and worse, and have been so far from doing thy *will*, that I do not *understand* what thy *will* is very well. But thou, O merciful God, that didst reveal thy self to poor *Shepherds* and *Fishermen*, that had no more learning than I; have mercy upon me for Jesus Christ his sake. Thou that hast promised to instruct the *simple*, and to lead the ignorant into thy way, be good and merciful to me, I beseech thee. Thou that drawest the *needy* out of the dust, and the *poor* out of the dunghil, give me the *knowledge* of thy *will*, and teach me how to *serve* thee. Rouse up the *drowiness* of

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of my heart; open mine eyes that I may see the truth, and mine ears that I may understand thy Word; and strengthen my memory that I may lay it up in my heart, and shew it in my life and vocation to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord, write thy will in my heart, that when I know it, I may do it willingly. O teach me what thy pleasure is, that I may do my best to perform it. Give me faith to lay hold on Christ Jesus, who died for me; that after I am dead I may rise again and live with him. Give me a good heart, that I may deal honestly with all men, and do as I would be done to. Bless me in my calling, and prosper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feed me and cloath me, and to give to the poor. Mend all that is amiss in me, and expect from me according to the measure thou hast given me. Forgive me all my sins, and make me willing to please thee; that living a good life, I may make a gracious death, and so at last I may come to Heaven and live for ever, for Jesus Christ his sake, Amen.

Anonym.

That only is the best knowledge that makes us better.

Anonym.

Ignorance will not excuse sin, when it self is a sin.

The Slothful mans Slumber.

What a world of *Curses* the eating of the *forbidden fruit* hath brought upon mankind, and unavoidably entail'd upon the sons of men! Among all which no one appears to me more terrible and full of sorrow, and bewraying greater wrath, than that insufferable, that horrible punishment of *labour*, and to purchase Bread with so extreme a price as *sweat*. But, O what hap, what happiness have they, whose *dying parents* have procured a *quiet fortune* for their unmo-
lest children, and conveighed descended *Rents* to their succeeding heirs, whose *ease* and contented lives may sit and suck the sweetness of their *cumberly estates*, and with their folded hands enjoy the delicacies of this toilsome world! How blessed, how delicious are those *easy morsels*, that can find the way to my soft palate, and then attend upon the wanton leisure of my *silken slumbers*, without the painful practice of my bosom-folded hands, or *sad contrivement* of my studious and contracted *Brows*! Why should I tire my tender youth, and torture out my groaning days in *toil and travel*, and discompose the happy peace of my harmonious thoughts with *painful grinding* in the common *mill* of dull mortality? Why should I rob my craving eye-lids of their delightful *Rest*, to cark and care, and purvey for that *Bread* which

which every work-aborring *vagabond* can find of *Alms* at every good mans door? Why should I leave the warm protection of my care-beguiling *Doune*, to play the droiling drudge for daily food, when the young empty *Raven* (that have no hands to work, nor providence but heaven) can call and be supplied? The pale-faced *Lilly* and the blushing *Rose* neither spin nor sow, yet princely *Solomon* was never robed with so much glory; and shall I then afflict my body, and beslave my heaven-born soul, to purchase *Rags* to cloath my nakedness? Is my condition worse than *Sheep* ordained for slaughter, that crop the springing *grass*, cloath-ed warm in soft *Raiment*, purchas'd without their providence or pains? Or shall the pam-per'd *Beast*, that shines with fatness and grows wanton through his careful *Grooms* indulgence, find better measure at the worlds too partial hands than I? Come, come, let those take pains that love to leave their names enroll'd in memorable monuments of *Parchment*. The day has grief enough without my help; and let to-morrow's *shoulders* bear to-morrow's *bur-thens*.

His Doom.

But stay, my soul, O stay thy rash resolves: take heed whilst thou avoidest the punishment of sin, *labour*, thou meet not the reward of idleness, a judgment.

Prov. 19. 5.

The idle soul shall suffer hunger.

His Proofs.

Ecclef. 10. 18.

BY much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.

Ezek. 16. 49.

Behold this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom: pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her, and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy.

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

Go to the Pismire, O sluggard, behold her ways and be wise. For she having no guide, governour nor ruler, prepareth her meat in Summer, and gathereth her food in harvest.

Nilus in Parænes.

Idleness is the womb or fountain of all wickedness: for it consumes and wastes the riches and virtues which we have already, and disenable us to get those we have not.

Ibid.

Go to the idle soul, for he shall hunger after that which his riot consumed.

His Soliloquy.

HOW presumptuously hast thou, my soul, transgressed the express Commandment of thy God! How hast thou dash'd thy self against his judgments! How hath thy undeserving hand usurpt the *diet*, and wearest on thy back the *wages* of the painful soul! Art thou not condemned to *Rags*, to *Famine*, by him whose Law commanded thee to labour? And yet thou pamper'st up thy sides with *stollen food*, and yet thou deck'st thy wanton body with *unearned ornaments*; whiles they that spend their daily strength in their commanded *callings* (whose labour gives them interest in them) want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to cloath them. Thou art no young *Raven*, my soul, no *Libby*. Where *ability to labour* is, there *Providence* meets *action*, and crowns it. He that forbids to *cark* for to *morrow*, denies *Bread* to the *Idleness* of to *day*. Consider, O my soul, thy own *delinquency*, and let *imployment* make thee capable of thy God's *protection*. The Bird that *sits* is a fair mark for the Fowler, while they that use the *wing* escape the danger. Follow thy *calling*, and heaven will follow thee with his *Blessing*. What thou hast formerly *omitted*, present repentance may *redeem*; and what judgments God hath threatned, early *Petitions* may avert.

didst ordain me to this vocation
and wilt thou *His Prayer.*

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Most great and most glorious God, who for
the sin of our first parents hast condemned
our frail bodies to the punishment of labour;
and hast commanded every one an *calling* and
a Trade of life, that have *idleness* as the *root*
of evil; and threatnest *poverty* to the *sllothful*
hand; I thy poor suppliant convicted by thy
judgments, and conscious of my own trans-
gression, fly from thy self to Thee, and humbly
appeal from the high *Tribunal* of thy *Justice*
and seek for refuge in the *Sanctuary* of thy
Mercy. Lord, I have led a life displeasing to
thee, and have been a scandal to my profession;
have slighted those *Blessings* which thy good-
ness hath promised to a *conscienceable calling*,
and have swallowed down the Bread of *idle-*
ness. I have impaired the *Talent* thou gavest
me, and have lost the opportunity of doing
much good. I have filled my heart with idle
imagination, and have laid my self open to the
lusts of the flesh. I have abused thy favours
in the *wisexpending* of my precious *time*, and
have taken no delight in thy *Sabbaths*. I have
loved too much on the *pleasures* of this World,
and like a *Drunk* have fed upon the *bonny* of
pleasures. If thou, O God, shouldst be extreme
to search my ways with too severe an eye, thou
wouldst not chuse but whet thy indignation, and
pour the vials of thy wrath upon me. Look
therefore not upon my *sins*, O Lord; but
through

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through the *merits* of my Saviour, who hath made a full satisfaction for all my sins. What through my *weakness* I have failed to do, the *fulness* of his *sufferings* hath most exactly done. In him, O God, in whom thou art well pleased, and for his sake, be gracious to my sin. Alter my heart and make it willing to please thee, that in my life I may adorn my profession. Give me a care and a conscience in my *calling*, and grant thy blessing to the lawful *labours* of my hand. Let the fidelity of my vocation improve my *Talent*, that I may enter into my Master's joy. Rouse up the dulness and deadness of my heart, and quench those *flames* of lust within me. Assist me, O God, in the *Redemption* of my *time*, and deliver my soul from the evilness of my days. Let thy *providence* accompany my moderate *endeavours*, and let all my *employments* depend upon thy *providence*; that when the labours of this sinful world shall cease, I may feel and enjoy the benefit of a *good conscience*, and obtain the rest of a new Jerusalem in the Eternity of glory.

Anonym.

He that is idle, is ready for Satan to set on work.

The Proud mans Ostentation.

'Le make him feel the *weight* of my displeasure, and teach him to repent his *satwcy boldness*. How dares his *baseness* once presume to breath so near my person, much more to take my name into his dunghil-bowth? Methinks the lustre of my *sparkling eye* might have had the power to astonish him into good manners, and sent him back to cast his mind into a fair *Petition*, humbly presented with his trembling hand. But thus to press into my presence, to press so near my face, and then to speak, and speak to me, as if I were his equal, is more than sufferable. The way to be counten'd is to digest contempt; but he that would be honour'd by the vulgar sort must wisely keep a distance. A countenance that's reserv'd breeds fear and observation; but affability and too easie an access makes fools too bold, and reputation cheap. What pride I set upon my own deserts, instructs opinion how to prize me. That which base ignorance miscalls thy pride, is but a conscious knowledge of thy merits. Dejected souls, craven'd with their own distrusts, are the worlds Foot-balls to be kick'd and spur'd; but brave and true heroick spirits, that know the strength of their own worth, shall baffle baseness and presumption into a Reverential silence; and spight of envy flourish in an honourable repute. Come then, my soul, ad-

D

vance

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vance thy noble, thy sublimer thoughts, and prize thy self according to those parts, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none can equal. Let not the insolent *affronts* of vassals interrupt thy Peace, nor seem one scruple less than what thou art. Be thou thy self, respect thy self, receive thou honour from thy self; rejoyce thy self in thy self, and prize thy self for thy self. Like Caesar, admit no equal; and like Pompey, acknowledge no superior. Be covetous of thine own honour, and hold another's glory as thy injury. Renounce humility as an *illuse* in reputation, and weakness as the worst disease of a true-bred noble spirit. Disparage worth in all but in thy self, and make another's infamy a foil to magnifie thy glory. Let such as have no reason to be proud, be humbled of necessity; and let them that have no parts to *show*, be dependant. But as for thee, thy *Card* are good; and having skill enough to play thy hopeful Game, vie boldly, conquer and triumph.

His Desolation.

But stay, my Soul, the Trump is yet unturn'd: boast not too soon, nor call it a fair day till night; the turning of a hand may make such alterations in thy flattering fortunes, that all thy glorious expectations may chance to end in loss and unsuspected ruins. That God which thrust the Babylonian Prince from his Imperial Throne, to graze with beasts, hath said,

Prov. 14. 25.

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud.

His Proofs.

Prov. 11. 2.

When pride cometh shew cometh shame; but
with the lowly is wisdom.

Jer. 13. 15.

Hear ye, and give ear, and be not proud; for the
Lord hath spoken.

Eccles. 10. 12.

The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one
that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that
is lifted up, and he shall be brought low.

Prov. 16. 5.

Every one that is proud in heart is abomination to
the Lord.

James 4. 6.

God rejecteth the proud, and giveth grace to the
humble.

Isidor. Hispal.

Pride made Satan fall from the highest heaven:
therefore they that pride themselves in their ver-
tues, imitate the Devil; and fall more dange-
rously, because they aspire and climb to the high-
est pitch, from whence is the greatest fall.

Greg. Mor.

Pride grows stronger in the riot whilst it braves it
self with presumptuous advances, yet the higher
it climbs the lower it falls: for he that heightens
himself by his own pride is always destroyed by
the judgment of God.

His Soliloquy.

HOW wert thou *muffled*. O my soul! How
 were thine eyes *blinded* with the *corruption*
 of thine own heart! When I beheld my
 by my own light, I seem'd a glorious thing
 my sun knew no *eclipse*, and all my *imperfections*
 were *gilded* over with vain glory: but now
 the day spring from above hath shin'd upon my
 heart, and the diviner light hath driven away
 those foggy mists, I find my self another thing
 my *Diamonds* are all turn'd *Pebbles*, and my
 glory is turn'd to shame. O my deceived soul
 how great a darkness was thy light! The thing
 that seem'd so glorious and sparkled in the night
 by day appears but *rotten wood*; and that bright
Gloe-worm, that in darkness out-shined the
Chrysolite, is by this new-found light no better
 than a crawling worm. How inseparable, O
 my soul, is pride and folly! which like *Hippocra-*
tes twins still live and die together. It blinds
 the eye, befools the judgment, knows no su-
 periors, hates equals, disdains inferiors,
 the wise mans scorn, and the fools Idol. Re-
 nounce it, O my soul, lest thy God renounce
 thee. He that hath threatned to resist the proud
 hath promised to give Grace to the *humble*
 and what true *Repentance* speaks, free my
 ears and crowns.

His Prayer.

O God the fountain of all true *Glory*, and the giver of all free grace, whose Name is only *honourable* and whose works are only *glorious*, that shewest thy ways to the *meek*; and takest compassion upon an *umble* spirit; that hatest the presence of a *lofty* eye, and destroyest the *proud* in the imaginations of their hearts; vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious ear, and hear the sighing of a contrite heart. I know, O God, the *quality* of my *sin* can look for nothing but the *extremity* of thy *wrath*; I know the *crookedness* of my condition can expect nothing but the *Furnace* of thy *indignation*; I know the *insolence* of my *corrupted* nature can hope for nothing but the *execution* of thy *judgments*: Yet, Lord, I know withal thou art a gracious God, of evil repenting thee, and slow to wrath; I know thy nature and property is to shew compassion, apt to conceive, but readier to forgive; I know thou takest no pleasure in the destruction of a sinner, but rather that he should repent and live: In confidence and full assurance whereof I am here prostrate on my *bended* knees, and with an *umble* heart. Nor do I press into thy holy presence, trusting in my own merits, lest thou shouldest deal with me as I have dealt by others; but being encouraged by thy gracious invitation, and heavy laden with the burden of my sins, I come to thee, O God, who

art the refuge of a wounded soul, and the Sanctuary of a broken spirit. Forgive, O God, forgive me what is past recalling, and make me-circumspect for the time to come. Open mine eyes that I may see how *vain* a thing I am, and how polluted from my very birth. Give me an insight of my own corruptions, that I may truly ~~know~~ and loath *my self*. Take from me all *vain-glory* and *self-love*, and make me careless of the *world's applause*. Endue me with an *umble* heart, and take this *haughty* spirit from me. Give me a true discovery of my own *misery*, that I may truly fear and tremble at thy *judgments*. Let not the world's contempt deject me, nor the disrespects of men *dismay* me. Take from me, O God, a *scornful* eye, and curb my tongue that speaks *presumptuous* things. Plant in my heart a *brotherly* love, and cherish in me a charitable affection. Possess my soul with patience, O God, and establish my heart in the *fear* of thy name; that being *humbled* before thee in the *mookness* of my spirit, I may be *exalted* by thee through the *freeness* of thy *Grace*, and crowned with thee in the *Kingdom of Glory*.

Anonym.

Bride is its own punishment, for nothing makes men more contemptible in the eyes of others.

The Covetous mans cure.


Believe me, the *Times* are hard and dangerous; *Charity* is grown cold, and *Friends* uncomfortable; an empty *Purse* is full of sorrow, and hollow *Bags* make a heavy heart. Poverty is a civil *Pestilence*, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us*. It is a *sickness* very catching and infectious, and more commonly *abhorred* than cured. The best Antidote against it is *Angelica* and *Providence*, and the best Cordial is *Aurum potabile*. Gold taken fasting is an approved sovereign. Debts are ill *humors*, and turn at last to dangerous obstructions. Lending is a mere consumption of the radical *humour*, which if consumed, brings a patient to nothing. Let others trust to *Courtiers promises*, to friends *performances*, to Princes *favours*; give me a *Toy* call'd *Gold*, give me a thing call'd *Money*. O blessed *Mammon*, how extremely sweet is thy all-commanding presence to my thriving soul! In banishment thou art my dear *companion*: In captivity thou art my precious *ransom*: In trouble and vexation thou art my dainty *rest*: In sickness thou art my *health*; in grief my only *joy*; in all extremity my only *trust*. *Vertue* must vail to thee; nay *Grace* it self not relish'd with thy *sweetness* would even displease the righteous palates of the sons of men. Come then, my

D. 4.

soul,

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soul, advise, contrive, project; go, compass Sea and Land; leave no *exploit* untried, no path untrod, no time unspent; afford thine eyes no sleep; thy head no rest; neglect thy ravenous belly, uncloath thy back; deceive, betray, swear and forswear to compass such a friend. If thou be base in birth, 'twill make thee *honourable*; if weak in power, it will make thee formidable. Are thy friends few? 'twill make them *numerous*. Is thy cause bad? 'twill gain thee *Advocates*. True, wisdom is an excellent help, in case it bend this way; and learning is a gentle Ornament, if not too chargeable: yet by your leave, they are but estates for term of life: but *everlasting* Gold, if well advantag'd, will not only bless thy days, but thy surviving children from generation to generation. Come, come, let others fill their brains with dear-bought *wit*, turn their pence into expenceful *charity*, and store their bosoms with unprofitable *piety*; let them lose all to save their imaginary consciences, and begger themselves at home to be thought *honest* abroad: fill thou thy bags and barns, and lay up for many years, and take thy rest.

His Curse.

But, O my soul, what follows wounds my heart and strikes me on my knees.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.

His

His Proofs.

YE cannot serve God and Mammon.

Job. 20. 15.
He hath swallowed down Riches, and he shall vomit them up again: God shall cast them out of his belly.

Prov. 11. 27.
He that is greedy of gain troubles his own house: but he that hateth gifts shall live.

2 Pet. 2. 3.
Through covetousness they shall with feigned words make merchandise of you, whose judgment remaineth of a long time lingering not, and whose damnation slumbereth not.

Nilus in Parænesi.
Wo to the covetous, for his Riches forsake him, and Hell fire takes him.

S. August.
O thou covetous man, why dost thou treasure up such hidden mischief? why dost thou dote on the Image of the King stamped on coin, and hatest the Image of God that shines in men?

Idem.

The Riches which thou treasurest up are lost; those thou charitably bestowest are truly thine.

His Soliloquy.

WHat think'st thou now, my soul? If the
judgment of holy men may not inform
 thee, let the judgments of thy angry God en-
 force thee. Weigh thy own carnal affections
 with the sacred Oracles of Heaven, and light
 and darkness are not more contrary. What
 thou approvest, thy God condemns; what thou
 desirest, thy God forbids. Now, my soul, if
 Mammon be God, follow him; if God be God,
 adhere to him: Thou canst not serve God and
 Mammon. If thy conscience feel the book, nibble
 no longer. Many sins leave thee in the way,
 this follows thee to thy lives end; the Root of
 evil, the Canker of all goodness; It blinds Ju-
 stice, poisons Charity, strangles Conscience,
 enslaves the Affections, betrays Friendship,
 breaks all Relations. It is a root of the Devil's
 own planting; pluck it up. Think not that a
 pleasure which God hath restrained; nor that a
 blessing which Heaven hath cursed. Demean not
 that which thou or thy heir must vomit up. Be
 no longer possess'd with such a Devil, but cast
 him out; and if he be too strong, weaken him
 by Fasting, and exercise him by Prayer.

His Prayer.

O God that art the *substance* of all *Riches* and *Magazin* of all *treasure*, in the enjoyment of whose favour the smallest morsel is a *rich inheritance*, and the coarsest Pulse is a *large portion*, without whose blessing the greatest plenty *enriches* not, and the highest diet *nourishes* not; how have I (an earth-worm, and no man) fixt my whole heart upon this transitory world, and neglected thee the only desirable good! I blush, O Lord, to confess the baseness of my life, and am utterly ashamed of mine own foolishness. I have placed my affections upon the nasty *Rubbish* of this world, and have slighted the inestimable *Pearl* of my salvation. I have wallow'd in the *wire* of my inordinate desires, and refused to be wash'd in the *streams* of thy compassion. I have put my confidence in the *faithfulness* of my servant, and have doubted the *providence* of thee my gracious Father. I have served unrighteous Mammon with greediness, and have preferred dross and dung before the Pearly gates of new Jerusalem. Thou hast promised to be all in all to those that fear thee, and not to fail the soul that trusts in thee; but I refused thy gracious offer, and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature. But, gracious God, to whom Repentance never comes unseasonable, that find'st an ear when sinners find a tongue, regard the contrition of a bleeding heart, and withdraw not thy mercy from

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from a pensive soul. Give me new thoughts, O God, and with thy holy Spirit new mould my desires. Inform my will, and sanctifie my affections, that they may relish thy sweetness with a full delight. Create in me, O God, a spiritual sense, that I may take pleasure in things that are above. Give me a *contented thankfulness* for what I have, that I may neither in *poverty* forsake thee, nor in *plenty* forget thee. Arm me with continual *patience*, that I may chearfully put my trust in thy *providence*. Moderate my care for momentary things, that I may use the world as if I us'd it not. Let not the loss of any earthly good too much deject me, lest I should sin with my lips and charge thee foolishly. Give me a *charitable hand*, O God, and fill my heart with *brotherly compassion*, that I may chearfully exchange the *corruptible treasure* of this world into the *incorruptible Riches* of the world to come; and proving a faithful steward in thy spiritual household, I may give up my account with joy, and be made partaker of thy eternal joy in the Kingdom of thy glory.

S. Chrysoft.

The vessel of our desires grows greater under our endeavours to fill it.

We brought nothing into the world, and we shall carry nothing out with us.

The Self-lovers Self-fraud.

O D hath required my heart, and he shall have it: God hath commanded truth in the inward parts, and he shall be obeyed. My soul shall praise the Lord, and all that is within me, and I will serue him in the strength of my desires. And in common cases the tongue's profession of his name is no less than necessary: But when it lies upon a life, upon the saving of a livelihood, upon the flat undoing of a Reputation, the case is altered. My life is dear, my fair possessions precious, and my Reputation is the very Apple of my eye. To save so great a stake, methinks equivocation is but venial, if a sin. If the true loyalty of mine heart stands sound to my Religion and my God, my well-informed Conscience tells me that in such extremities my frightened tongue may take the priviledge of a *Salvo* or a mental reservation, if not in the expression of a faine compliance. What? shall the real breach of a holy Sabbath, dedicated to God's highest glory, be tolerated for the welfare of an Oxe? May that breach be set upon the score of mercy, and commended above sacrifices, for the safeguard of an Ass? And may I not dispence with a bare lip-denial of my urg'd Religion for the necessary preservation of the threatned life of a man? for the saving of the whole livelihood and subsistence of a Christian? What? shall

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shall I perish for the want of food, - and die a Martyr to that foolish conscience which forbids me to rub the ears of a little standing Corn? *Jesus* could purchase his sick Father's blessing with a down-right lie, and may I not dissemble for a life? The young man's great possessions taught his timorous tongue to shrink from and decline his heart's profession, and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy house, canst thou in conscience be denied a hiding-room for thy protection? The Syrian Captain (he whose heart was fixt on his now-firm-resolv'd and true devotion) reserved the house of *Rimmon* for his necessary attendance, and yet went in peace. *Peter* (upon the rock of whose confession the Church was grounded) to save his liberty, with a false, nay with a perjur'd tongue, nay more, at such a time when as the Lord of life (in whose behalf he drew his Sword) was question'd for his innocent life, denied his Master; and shall I be so great an unchrist of my blood, my life, to lose it for a mere lip-denial of that Religion which now is settled, and needs no blood to seal it?

His Retribution.

But stay, my Conscience checks me, there's a judgment thunders; Hark.

Matth. 10. 33.

He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven.

His Proofs.

2 Tim. 3. 1, 2.

K Now that in the latter days perillous times shall come: For men shall be lovers of their own felices.

Ezay 45. 23.

I have sworn by my self, the word is gone out of my mouth in Righteousness, and shall not return, abasunto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man believeth unto Righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made to salvation.

Luke 9. 26.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in Glory.

August.

The love of God and the world are two different things. If the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God forsakes thee: renounce that, and receive this: for the more nobler love should have the best place and acceptance.

Theoph.

It is not enough only to believe with the heart, for God will have us confess with our mouth: every one that confesses that Christ is God, shall find Christ professing to the Father, that man is a faithful servant; but those that deny Christ shall receive that fearful doom, (Nescio vos) I know you not.

His

His Soliloquy.

MY soul, in such a time as this, when the civil *Sword* is warm with slaughter, and the wasting *Kingdom* welters in her blood, wouldst thou not give thy *life* to ransom her from *ruine*? Is not the God of Heaven and Earth worth many *Kingdoms*? Is thy *welfare* more considerable than his *glory*? Dar'st thou *deny* him for thy own *ends*, that denied thee nothing for thy good? Is a poor clod of earth we call *Inheritance* prisable with his *greatness*, or a puff of breath we call *Life* valuable with his *honour*, in comparison of whom the very *Angels* are impure? Blush, O my soul, at thy own guilt. He that accounted his *blood*, his *life* not worth the keeping, to ransom thee a wretch, lost by thy own rebellion, deserves he not the abatement of a *lust*, to keep him from a new *crucifying*? My soul, if *Religion* bind thee not, if *judgments* terrifie thee not, if *natural affection* incline thee not, yet let common reason persuade thee to love him above a *trifle*, that loved thee above his *life*: And thou that hast so often denied him, *deny* thy self for ever, and he will *own* thee; repent, and he'll pardon thee; pray to him, and he will hear thee.

Anon.

He that loves himself most, hath of all men the happiness to have the fewest rivals.

His

His Prayer.

O God, whose *glory* is the end of my creation, and whose free *mercy* is the cause of my redemption; that gavest thy Son, thy only Son, to die for me, who else had perished in the common deluge of thy wrath; what shall I render for so great a *mercy*? What thankfulness shall I return for so infinite a *love*? Alas! the most that I can do is nothing; the best that I can present is worse than nothing, sin. Lord, if I yield my body for a sacrifice, I offer nothing but a lump of filth and loathsome putrefaction; or if I give my soul in contribution, I yield thee nothing but thy image quite defaced and polluted with my lusts; on it I spend the strength of the whole man, and with both heart and tongue confess and magnifie thy Name, how can the praises of my sinful lips, that breath from such a sink, be pleasing to thee? But, Lord, since thou art pleased in thy well-pleasing Son to accept the poverty of my weak endeavours, send down thy holy Spirit into my heart, cleanse it from the filth of my corruptions, and make it fit to praise thee. Lord, open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth thy praise. Put a new song into my mouth, and I will praise thee and confess thee all day long. I will not hide thy goodness in my mouth, but will be shewing forth thy truth and thy salvation. Let thy praises be my honour, and let thy goodness be the subject of my

my undaunted Song. Let neither *Reputation*, *Wealth*, nor *Life* be precious to me in comparison with thee. Let not the world's derision daunt me, nor examples of infirmity deject me. Give me courage and wisdom to stand for thy honour; O make me worthy, able and willing to suffer for thy name. Lord, teach me to deny my self, and to resist the motions of my own corruptions. Create in me, O God, a single heart, that I may love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Remember not, O Lord, the sins of my fear, and pardon the hypocrisie of my self-love. Wash me from the stains and guilt of this my hainous offence, and deliver me from this fearful judgment thou hast threatned in thy Word. Convince all the Arguments of my unjustified wit, whereby I have become an advocate to my sin. Grant that my life may adorn my profession, and make my tongue an instrument of thy glory. Assist me, O God, that I may praise thy goodness, and declare thy wonders among the children of men. Strengthen my faith, that it may trust thee; and let my works so shine, that men may praise thee: that my heart believing unto righteousness, and my tongue *confessing* to salvation, I may be acknowledged by thee here, and glorified by thee in the Kingdom of glory.

Sa.

He that pleaseth himself pleaseth a fool.

The Worldly mans Vindour.

O R ought I see the case is even
 the same with him that *prays*,
 and him that *does not pray*;
 with him that *swears*, and him
 that *sours an Oath*. I see no dif-
 ference; if any, those that
 they call the *wicked* have the advantage; Their
 crops are even as *fair*, their flocks as *numerous*
 as theirs that wear the ground with their reli-
 gious *kneec*, and fast their bodies to a *skeleton*;
 nay in the use of blessings (which only makes
 them so) they far exceed. They term me
Reprobate, and style me *unregenerate*. 'Tis
 true, I eat my labours with a jolly heart, drink
 frolick cups, sweeten my pains with time-be-
 guiling sports, make the best advantage of my
 own, *pray* when I think on't, *swear* when they
 urge me, hear Sermons at my *leisure*, follow
 the *lusts* of my own eyes, and take the *plea-
 sure* of my own ways: and yet, God be thank-
 ed, my Barns are *furnish'd*, my Sheep *stand
 sound*, my Cattel *strong* for labour, my Pastures
rich and flourishing, my Body *healthful*, and my
 Bags are *full*; whilst they that are so *pious*,
 and make such conscience of their ways, that
 run to Sermons, *fig* to *Lectures*, pray *twice* a
 day by the hour, hold *faith* and *truth* prophane,
 and drinking *beats* a sin, do often find *lean
 harvests*, *casie* flocks and *empty* purses. Let them
 be godly that can live on *air* and *Earth*, and
 eaten

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eaten up by Zeal can whine themselves into an Hospital, or bless their lips with charitable scraps. If godliness have this reward, to have short meals for long Prayers, weak estates for strong faiths, and good consciences upon such bad conditions, let them boast of their pennyworths, and let me be wicked still, and take my chance as falls. Let me have judgment to discover a profitable Farm, and wit to take it at an easie Rent, and Gold to stock it in a liberal manner, and skill to manage it to my best advantage, and luck to find a good increase, and providence to husband wisely what I gain: I seek no further, and I wish no more, Husbandry and Religion are two several occupations, and look two several ways, and he is the only wise man can reconcile them.

His Withering.

But stay, my soul, I fear thy reckoning fails thee. If thou hast judgment to discover, wit to bargain, Gold to employ, skill to manage, providence to dispose, canst thou command the Clouds to drop? or if a wet season meet thy Harvest, and with open sluices overwhelm thy hopes, canst thou let down the flood-gates, and stop the watry Flux? Canst thou command the Sun to shine? Canst thou forbid the Mildew, or control the breath of the malignant East? Is not this God's sole Prerogative? And hath not that God said,

When the workers of iniquity do flourish, it is that they shall be destroyed for ever

His Proofs.

Job 21. 7.

Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea are mighty in power?

8. Their seed is established in their sight, and their off-spring before their eyes.

9. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the wrath of God upon them.

10. Their Bull gendereth, and faileth not; their Cow calveth, and casteth not her Calf.

11. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance.

12. They take the Timber and the Harp, and rejoice at the sound of the Organ.

13. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment they go down to the Grave.

Nil. in Parzenes.

Wo, be to him that pursues empty and fading pleasures: because in a short time he sits and pangs himself as a Calf to the slaughter.

Bernard. There's no misery more true and real than false and counterfeit pleasure.

Hieron.

It's not only difficult, but impossible, to have heaven here and hereafter; to live in sensual lusts, and to attain spiritual bliss; to pass from one paradise to another; to be a mirror of felicity in both worlds; to shine with glorious rays both in this globe of earth, and the orb of heaven.

His

His Soliloquy.

HOW sweet a feast is till the reckoning come! A fair day ends often in a cold night, and the road that's pleasant ends in Hell. If worldly pleasures had the promise of continuance, prosperity were some comfort; but in this necessary vicissitude of good and evil, the prolonging of adversity sharpens it. It is no common thing, my soul, to enjoy two Heavens: *Dives* found it in the present, *Lazarus* in the future. Hath thy encrease met with no damage? thy reputation with no scandal? thy pleasure with no cross? thy prosperity with no adversity? Presume not: God's checks are symptoms of his mercy; but his silence is the Harbinger of a judgment. Be circumspect and provident, my soul. Hast thou a fair *Summer*? provide for a hard *Winter*: the world's River ebbs alone; it flows not: he that goes merrily with the stream, must bale up. Flatter thy self therefore no longer in thy prosperous sin. O my deluded soul, but be truly sensible of thy own presumption! Look seriously into thy approaching danger, and humble thy self with true contrition. If thou procure four herbs, God will provide his Passover.

His Prayer.

HOW weak is man, O God, when thou forsakeſt him! How fooliſh are his Counſels, when he plots without thee! How wild his progreſs when he wanders from thee! How miſerable till he return unto thee! How his wits fail! How his wiſdom ſtalters! How his wealth melts! How his providence is beſool'd! and how his ſoul beſlav'd! Thou ſtrik'ſt off the Chariot-wheels of his Inventions, and he is perplext: Thou confoundeſt the *Babel* of his imaginations, and he is troubled. Thou croſſeſt his deſigns, that he may *fear* thee; and thou ſtop'ſt him in his ways, that he may *know* thee. How merciful art thou, O God, and in thy very judgments, Lord, how gracious! Thou mighteſt have ſtruck me into the loweſt pit as eaſily as on theſe bended knees, and yet been juſtified in my confuſion; But thou haſt threatned like a gentle Father, as loth to puniſh thy ungracious child. Thou knoweſt the crooked thoughts of man are vain, ſtill turning point to their contrivers ruine. Thou ſaw'ſt me wandring in the maze of death, whiſt I with violence purſued my own deſtruction. But thou haſt warn'd me by thy ſacred Word, and took me off that I might live to praiſe thee. Thou art my confidence, O God; Thou art the Rock, the Rock of my ſalvation. Thy Word ſhall be my guide, for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth. Lord, when I look upon my former world.

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worldliness, I utterly abhor my conversation : strengthen me with thy assistance, that I may lead a new life ; make me more and more sensible of my own condition, and perfect thou the good work thou hast begun in me. In all my designs be thou my Counsellor, that I may prosper in my undertakings. In all my actions be thou my guide, that I may keep the path of thy Commandments. Let all my own devices come to nought, lest I presume upon the Arm of flesh : let not my wealth increase without thy blessing, lest I be fatted up against the day of slaughter. Have thou a hand in all my just employments, then prosper thou the work of thy hands ; O prosper thou thy handy-work, and make it mine, who have no interest in it till thou own me as thy Child. Then shall my soul rejoyce in thy favours, and magnifie thy name for all thy mercies ; then shall my lips proclaim thy loving-kindness, and sing thy praises for ever and for ever.

Eccles. 1. 9.
Walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes : But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment.

The Lascivious man's Heaven.



An flesh and bloud be so unnatural to forget the Laws of Nature? can blowing youth immure it self within the icy walls of Vestal Chastity? Can lusty diet and mollitious rest bring forth no other fruits but faint desires, rigid thoughts, and Pblegmatick conceits? Should we be *Sticks* and *stones*, and (having active souls) turn altogether *passives*? Must we turn *Ancorites*, and spend our days in Caves and Hermitages, and smother up our precious hours in *cloistered* folly, and *recluse* devotion? Can *Rosie cheeks*, Can *Ruby lips*, can *snowy breasts* and *sparkling eyes*, present their *beauties* and *perfections* to the *sprightly* view of *young* mortality? and must we stand like *Statues* without sense or motion? Can strict Religion impose such *cruel* Tasks, and even *impossible* Commands upon the raging thoughts of her unhappy votaries, as to withstand and contradict the instinct and very principles of *Nature*? Can fair-pretending piety be so barbarous to condemn us to the *flames* of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our own *desires*? Is't not enough to conquer the rebellious *Actions* of imperious flesh, but must we manacle her hands, darken her eyes, nay worse, restrain the freedom of her very *thoughts*? Can full *perfection* be expected here? Or can our work be *perfect* in this vale of

E

imper-

imperfection? This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for frail, for transitory *man*. Come, come, we are but *men*, but *flesh* and *bloud*, and our born frailties cannot grapple with such potent *tyranny*. What *nature* and *necessity* requires us to do, is *venial* being done. Come, strive no more against so strong a *stream*, but take thy fill of *beauty*; solace thy wretched heart with *amorous* contemplations; cloath all thy words with *courtly* Rhetorick, and soften thy lips with *dialects* of love; surfeit thy self with pleasure, and melt thy passion into warm delights; walk into Nature's universal *Bower*, and pick what *flower* does most surprize thine eye; drink of all waters, but be tied to none; spare neither cost nor pains to compass thy *desires*. Enjoy *varieties*: emparadise thy soul in *fresh* delights. The *change* of pleasure makes thy pleasure *double*. Ravish thy senses with perpetual *choice*, and glut thy soul with all the *delicates* of love.

His HeB.

But hold: There is a voice that whispers in my troubled ear; a voice that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my resolves; a voice that chills the bosom of my soul, and fills me with amazement: *Mark*.

Gal. 5. 21.

They which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 14.

Thou shalt not commit *Adultery.*

Mat. 5. 28.

Whoſoever looks upon a woman to luſt after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

Rom. 13. 13.

Let us walk honeſtly as in the day; not in rioting or in drunkenneſs, nor in chambering, nor in wantonneſs.

1 Pet. 2. 11.

Abſtain from fleſhly luſts, which war againſt the ſoul.

Nilus in Paræn.

We be to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and ſpotted, and the heavenly Bridegroom caſts him out from his chaſt nuptials.

A world of preſumptuous and hainous offences do ariſe and ſpring from the filthy fountain of adulterous luſt, whereby the gate of heaven is ſhut, and poor man excluded from God.

S. Greg. Mor.

Hence the fleſh lives in ſenſual delights for a moment, but the immortal ſoul periſheth for ever.

His Soliloquy.

Lust is a *Brand* of original fire, rak'd up in the *Embers* of flesh and bloud, uncover'd by a natural *inclination*, blown by corrupt *communication*, quench'd with *fasting* and *humiliation* : It is rak'd up in the *best*, uncovered in the *most*, and blown in *thee*, O my lustful soul. O turn thine *ear* from the *pleadings* of Nature, and make a *Covenant* with thine *eyes*. Let not the language of *Delilah* inchant thee, lest the hands of the *Philistines* surprize thee. Review thy *past pleasures*, with the *charge* and *pains* thou hadst to compass them, and shew me, where's thy *penny-worth*? Foresee what *punishments* are prepar'd to meet thee, and tell me, what's thy *purchase*? Thou hast barter'd away thy *God* for a *lust*; sold thy *eternity* for a *trifle*. If this bargain may be recall'd by *tears*, dissolve thee, O my soul, into a spring of *waters*; if to be revers'd with *price*, reduce thy whole estate into a *Sack-cloth* and an *Ash-rub*. Thou whose *Liver* hath scorch'd in the *flames* of lust, humble thy heart in the *Ashes* of *Repentance* : And as with *Esau* thou hast sold thy *Birthright* for *Broth*, so with *Jacob* wrestle by *Prayer* till thou get a *blessing*.

Anonym.

Consider well, how empty thy pleasure will be when it is past, and thou cuttest off the chief strength of the temptation.

His Prayer.

O God, before whose face the Angels are *impure*, before whose clear omniscience all Actions appear, to whom the very secrets of the hearts are open; I here acknowledge, to thy glory and my shame, the filthiness and vile *impurity* of my Nature. Lord, I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthiness my mother's womb inclosed me, brought forth in filthiness, and filthy is my very innocence, filthy in the motions of my flesh, and filthy in the apprehensions of my soul; my words all cloth'd with filthiness, and in all my actions filthy and unclean, in my inclination filthy, and in the whole course of my life nothing but a continued filthiness. Wash me, O God, and make me clean, cleanse me from the filthiness of my corruption. Purge me, O Lord, with Hyssop, and create a clean heart within me. Correct the vagrant *motions* of my *flesh*, and quench the fiery darts of Satan. Let not the Law of my corrupted members rule me; O let *concupiscence* have no Dominion over me. Give me courage to fight against my *lusts*, and give my weakness strength to overcome: make sharp my Sword against this body of sin, but most against my *Delilah*, my *bo-*some sin. Deliver me from the tyranny of temptation, or give me power to subdue it. Confine the liberty of my *wanton appetite*, and give me temperance in a sober diet. Grant

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me a heart to strive with thee in Prayer, and hopeful patience to attend thy leisure. Keep me from the habit of an *idle* life, and close mine ears against *corrupt* communication. Set thou a watch before my lips, that all my words may savour of sobriety. Preserve me from the vanity and pride of life, that I may walk blameless in my conversation. Protect me from the fellowship of the unclean, and from all such as are of evil report. Let thy grace, O God, be sufficient for me, to protect my soul from the buffetings of Satan. Make me industrious and diligent in my calling, lest the enemy get advantage over me. In all my temptations let me have recourse to thee. Be thou my refuge when I call upon thee. Forgive, O God, the sins of my youth, O pardon the multitudes of my secret sins. Encrease my hatred to my former life, and strengthen my resolution for the time future. Hear me, O God, and let the words of my mouth be always acceptable to thee, O God, my strength and my Redeemer.

S. Hierom.
Pleasure leaves behind it a greater thirst than that which it pretends to quench; and though it be taken in a full draught, yet does not satisfy.

Prov. 16. 27.
Can a man take fire into his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?

The Sabbath-breaker's profanation.

HE glittering *Prince* that sits up-
 on his regal and imperial *Throne*,
 and the ignoble *Peasant* that
 sleeps within his fordid house
 of Thatch, are both alike to
 God. An *Ivory Temple* and a Church of *Clay* are
 priz'd alike by him. The flesh of *Bulls*, and the
 perfumes of *Myrrh* and *Cassia* smook his Altars
 with an equal pleasure: And does he make such
 difference of *days*? Is he that was so weary of
 the *New-Moons*, so taken with the *Sun*, to tie
 his *Sabbath* to that only day? the *tenth* in
 tithes is any one in *ten*, and why the *seventh*
day not any one in *seven*? We sanctifie the
 day, the day not us. But are we *Jews*? Are
 we still bound to keep a *legal Sabbath* in the
 strictness of the Letter? Have the *Gentiles* no
 privilege by the vertue of *Messiah's* coming? or
 has the *Evangelical Sabbath* no immunities?
 The service done, the *day's* discharg'd, my
liberty restor'd; and if I meet my *profits* or my
pleasures then, I'll give them entertainment.
 If *business* call me to account, I dare afford
 a careful ear; or if my *sports* invite me, I'll
 entertain them with a chearful heart. I'll go
 to *Mattens* with as much devotion as my
 neighbour; I'll make as low *obeisance* and as
 just *responds* as any: but as soon as *Even-song's*
 ended, my Church-devotion and my *Psalter*
 shall sanctifie my *Pue* till the next Sabbath
 call.

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call. Were it no more for an old *custom's* sake than for the *good* I find in Sabbaths, that *Ceremony* might as well be spared. It is a day of *Rest*: And what's a *Rest*? A relaxation from the toil of *labour*. And what is labour but a painful exercise of the frail body? But where the *exercise* admits no toil, there *Relaxation* makes no *Rest*. What labour is it for the *worldly* man to compass Sea and Land to accomplish his desires? What labour is it for the impatient *lover* to measure *Hellepont* with his widened arms to hasten his *delight*? What labour for the *youth* to number musick with their sprightly *paces*? Where leisure's reconcil'd to labour, labour is but an *active rest*. Why should the Sabbath then, a *day of rest*, divorce from those delights that make thy *rest*? Afflict their souls that please; my *rest* shall be what most conduces to my hearts *delight*. Two hours will vent more *Prayers* than I shall need, the rest remains for *pleasure*.

His Extirpation.

Conscience, why start'st thou? A *judgment* strikes me from the mouth of Heaven, and saith,

Exod. 31. 14.

Whoever doth any work on my Sabbath, his soul shall be cut off.

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 8, 9, &c.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath-day; six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do: but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 13, 14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you. Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your Generations.

Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices and ointments, and rested on the Sabbath-day according to the Commandment.

Gregor.

We ought upon the Lord's day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to addict our selves to prayers; that whatsoever hath been done amiss the week before, may upon the day of our Lord's resurrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sin is the store-house of death and misery, it kindles flames for its dearest friends. Therefore whosoever when he should rest from sin, busieth himself in the dead and fruitless works of wickedness, and renouncing all piety lusts after such things as will bring him into eternal destruction and everlasting flames, justly deserves to die and perish with the damned; because when he might have enjoy'd a pious rest, he laboured to run headlong to his own destruction.

His Soliloquy.

MY soul, how hast thou profaned that day thy God hath sanctified! How hast thou encroached on that which Heaven hath set apart! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath twelve hours, what happiness canst thou expect in a perpetual Sabbath? Is six days too little for thy self, and two hours too much for thy God? O my soul, how dost thou prize temporals beyond eternals? Is it equal that God who gave thee a body, and six days to provide for it, should demand one day of thee, and be denied it? How liberal a Receiver art thou, and how miserable a Requirer! But know, my soul, his Sabbaths are the Apple of his eye. He that hath power to vindicate the breach of it, hath threatened judgments to the breaker thereof. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the rigour of it for charity sake, will not diminish the honour of it for profaneness sake. Forget not then, my soul, to remember his Sabbaths, and remember not to forget his Judgments, lest he forget to remember thee in Mercy. What thou hast neglected, bewail with contrition; and what thou hast repented, forsake with resolution; and what thou hast resolved, strengthen with devotion.

Anonym.

The true Sabbath is to rest from sin.

His Prayer.

O Eternal, just and all-discerning Judge, in thy self glorious, in thy Son gracious, who triest without a witness, and condemnest without a Jury; O! I confess my very actions have betray'd me, thy Word hath brought in evidence against me, my own conscience hath witnessed against me, and thy judgment hath past sentence against me: And what have I now to plead but my own *miser*y? and whether should that misery flee but to the God of *mercy*? And since, O Lord, the way to mercy is to leave my self, I here disclaim all interest in my self, and utterly renounce my self. I that was created for thy glory, have dishonoured thy Name: I that was made for thy service, have profaned thy *Sabbaths*: I have slighted thy *Ordinances*, and turned my back upon thy *Sanctuary*. I have neglected thy *Sacraments*, abused thy *Word*, despis'd thy *Ministers*, and contemned their *ministry*. I have come into thy Courts with an *unprovided* heart, and have drawn near with *uncircumcised* lips. And, Lord, I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe against all such as violate thy *Rest*: The glory of thy Name is precious to thee, and thine honour is as the Apple of thine eye. But thou, O God, that art the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thy self the Lord of mercy. The constitution of *Sabbath* was a work of *time*: but, Lord, thy
mercy

mercy is from all *eternity*. I that have broke thy *Sabbaths*, do here present thee with a broken heart : thy hand is not shortned that thou canst not heal, nor thy ear deafned that thou canst not hear. Stretch forth thine hand, O God, and heal my wounds ; bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear my Prayers. Alter the fabrick of my sinful heart, and make it tender of thy glory. Make me *ambitious* of thy *service*, and let thy *Sabbaths* be my whole delight. Give me a holy *reverence* of thy *Word*, that it may prove a light to my steps and a *Lanthorn* to my feet. Endue my heart with *Charity* and *faith*, that I may find a comfort in thy *Sacraments*. Bless thou the *Ministers* of thy sacred *Word*, and make them holy in their lives, sound in their *Doctrine*, and laborious in their callings. Preserve the universal Church in these distracted times ; give her *Peace*, *Unity* and *Uniformity* ; purge her of all *Schism*, *Error* and *Superstition*. Let the Kings daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beauty ; that being honour'd here to be a member of her *Militant*, I may be glorified with her *Triumphant*.

Anonym.

He that thinks it too much to keep a short Sabbath here, shall never be thought worthy to celebrate the eternal Sabbath hereafter.

The Censorious man's Crimination.

Know there is much of the seed of the *Serpent* in him by his very looks, if his words betray'd him not. He hath eaten the *Egge* of the *Cockatrice*, and surely he remaineth in the state of *perdition*. He is not within the *Covenant*, and abideth in the *Gall* of bitterness. His *Studied Prayers* shew him to be a high Malignant, and his *Jesu-worship* concludes him *popishly affected*. He comes not to our private meetings, nor contributes a penny to the Cause. He cries up learning and the *Book of Common-prayer*, and takes no arms to hasten *Reformation*. He fears God for his own ends, for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, he goes a whoring after his own inventions. He can hear an *Oath* from his Superior without reproof, and the *heathenish Gods* named without spitting in his face. Wherefore my soul detesteth him, and I will have no *conversation* with him: for what fellowship hath *light* with *darkness*, or the pure in heart with the unclean? Sometimes he is a *Publican*; sometimes a *Pharisee*, and always an *Hypocrite*. He rails against the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jesus*: he is quick-sighted at the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoyceth at our *failings*: he honours not a preaching *Ministry*, and too much

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much leans to a Church government : he paints devotion on his face, whilst pride is stampt within his heart : he places sanctity in the walls of a Steeple-house, and adores the Sacrament with his popish knee : his Religion is a Weather-cock, and turns breast to every blast of wind. With the pure he seems pure, and with the wicked he will joyn in fellowship. A sober language is in his mouth, but the poison of Asps is under his tongue. His works conduce not to edification, nor are the motions of his heart sanctified. He adores great ones for preferment, and speaks too partially of authority. He is a *Laodicean* in his faith, a *Nicolaïtan* in his works, a *Pharisee* in his disguise, a rank *Papist* in his heart ; and I thank my God, am not as this man.

His Commination.

But stay, my soul, take heed whilst thou judgest another, lest God judge thee : how com'st thou so expert in another's heart, being so often deceived in thy own ? A *Saul* to day may prove a *Paul* to morrow. Take heed whilst thou wouldst seem religious, thou appear not uncharitable ; and whilst thou judgest man, thou be not judged of God, who saith,

Mat. 7. 1.

Judge not, lest ye be judged.

His Proofs.

John 7. 24.

Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment.

Rom. 14. 10.

But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at naught thy brother? We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

1 Cor. 4. 5.

Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsel of the heart.

Rom. 14. 13.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or accusation to fall in his brothers way.

God is judge himself, Psal. 50. 6.

S. August.

Apparent and notorious iniquities ought both to be reprov'd and condemn'd: but we should never judge such things as we understand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evil intent.

S. August.

When thou knowest not apparently, judge charitably; because it's better to think well of the wicked, than by frequent censuring to suspect an innocent man guilty of an offence.

S. August.

The unrighteous Judge shall be justly condemn'd.

His

His Soliloquy.

HAS thy brother, O my soul, a *beam* in his eye, and hast thou no *mote* in thine? Clear thine own, and thou wilt see the better to cleanse his. If a *Thief* be in his Candle, blow it not out, lest thou wrong the *flame*; but if thy *snuffers* be of Gold, snuff it. Has he offended thee? *Forgive* him. Hath he trespass'd against the Congregation? *Reprove* him. Hath he sinned against God? *Pray* for him. O my soul, how uncharitable hast thou been? How Pharisaically hast thou judg'd? Being sick of the *Jaundies*, how hast thou censur'd another *yellow*? and with *blotted* fingers made his *blur* the greater? How has the *pride* of thy own heart *blinded* thee toward thy self? How *quick-sighted* to another? Thy brother has *slipt*, but thou hast *fallen*, and hast blanch'd thy *impiety* with the publishing his *sin*. Like a *Flie*, thou stingeest his sores, and feed'st on his corruptions. *Jesus* came eating and drinking, and was judg'd a *glutton*: *John* came fasting, and was challeng'd with a *devil*. Judge not, my soul, lest thou be judged: malign not thy brother, lest God laugh at thy destruction. Wouldst thou escape the punishment? *judge thyself*: Wouldst thou avoid the sin? *bumble thyself*.

His Prayer.

O God that art the only searcher of the Reins, to whom the secrets of the heart of man are only known, to whom alone the judgment of our thoughts, our words and deeds belong, and to whose sentence we must stand or fall; I a presumptuous sinner, that have thrust into thy place, and boldly have presumed to execute thy office, do here as humbly confess the insolence of mine attempt, and with a sorrowful heart repent me of my doings: and though my convinced conscience can look for nothing from thy wrathful hand but the same measure which I measured to another, yet in the confidence of that mercy which thou hast promised to all those that truly and unfeignedly believe, I am become an humble suiter for thy gracious pardon. Lord, if thou search me not with a favourable eye, I shall appear much more unrighteous in thy sight than this my uncharitably-condemned brother did in mine. O look not therefore, Lord, upon me as I am, lest thou abhor me; but through the merits of my blessed Saviour cast a gracious eye upon me. Let his humility satisfy for my presumption, and let his meritorious sufferings answer for my vile uncharitableness. Let not the voice of my offence provoke thee with a stronger cry than the language of his Intercession. Remove from me, O God, all spiritual pride, and make me little in my own conceit. Lord,
light

light me to my self, that by thy light I may discern how dark I am. Lighten that darkness by thy holy Spirit, that I may search into my own corruptions. And since, O God, all gifts and graces are but nothing, and nothing can be acceptable in thy sight without charity, quicken the dulness of my faint affections, that I may love my brother as I ought. Soften my marble heart that it may melt at his infirmities. Make me careful in the examination of my own ways, and most severe against my own offences. Pull out the beam out of mine own eye, that I may see clearly, and reprove wisely. Take from me, O Lord, all grudging, envy and malice, that my seasonable reproofs may win my brother. Preserve my heart from all censorious thoughts, and keep my tongue from striking at his name. Grant that I make right use of his infirmities, and read good lessons in his failings; that loving him in thee, and thee in him, according to thy command, we may both be united in thee as members of thee, that thou maist receive honour from our communion here, and we eternal glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

Th. de Kempis.

There are two lessons which God every day gives his elect: One, to see their own faults; the other, the goodness of God.

The

The Liar's Fallacies.

Ay, if Religion be so strict a Law,
 to bind my tongue to the necessity
 of a truth on all occasions, at all
 times, and in all places, the gate
 is too *strait* for me to enter; or
 if the general rules of down-right truth will
 admit no few *exceptions*, farewell all honest
mirth, farewell all *trading*, farewell the whole
converse betwixt man and man. If always to speak
 punctual truth be the true *Symptom* of a blessed
 soul, *Tom tell troth* has a happy time, and *fools* and
children are the only men. If *Truth* sit Regent,
 in what faithful breast shall *secrets* find repose?
 What *Kingdom* can be safe? What *Common-*
wealth can be secure? What *War* can be suc-
 cessful? What *Stratagem* can prosper? If
 bloody times should force Religion to *shroud*
 it self beneath my roof, upon demand, shall my
 false truth *betray* it? Or shall my brother's
 life, or shall my own be seis'd upon through
 the cruel truth of my down-right *confession*? or
 rather not be secured by a fair *officious* lie?
 Shall the righteous Favourite of Egypt's Tyrant
 by vertue of a *loud lie* sweeten out his joy, and
 heighten up his soft affection with the *Antipe-*
ristasis of tears? and may I not prevaricate
 with a sullen truth to save a brother's life from
 a bloud-thirsty hand? Shall *Jacob* and his too
 indulgent *Mother* conspire in a *lie* to purchase
 a paternal *blessing* in the false name and habit
 of a *supplanted brother*? and shall I question to
 preserve

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preserve the granted blessing of a *life* or *livelihood* with a harmless lie? Come, come, my soul, let not thy timorous *conscience* check at such poor things as these. So long as thy officious tongue aims at a *just end*, a lie is no offence; so long as thy perjurious lips confirm not thy untruth with an *audacious* brow, thou needst not fear. The weight of the *cause* relieves the burthen of the *Crime*. Is thy *Center* good? No matter how crooked the lines of the *Circumference* be; *Policy* allows it. If thy *journeys end* be Heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy *journey* be; *Divinity* allows it. Wilt thou condemn the Egyptian *Midwives* for saving the *infant* Israelites by so merciful a lie? When *Martial execution* is to be done, wilt thou fear to *kill*? When *hunger* drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou be afraid to *steal*? When *civil wars* divide a Kingdom, will *Mercuries* decline a lie? No, circumstances excuse, as well as *make* the lie. Had *Cæsar*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by such *strict divinity*, their names had been as silent as their *dust*. A lie is but a fair *put-off*, the *sanctuary* of a secret, the *riddle* of a lover, the *stratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Statesman, and a *salve* for many desperate sores.

His Flames.

But hark, my soul, there's something rounds mine ear, and calls my language to a *Recantation*. The Lord hath spoken it.

Liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, Revel. 21. 8.

His

Part I. *for afflicted souls.* 99

His Proofs.

Thou shalt not raise a false Report, Ex. 20.

Levit. 19. 11.

Ye shall not deal falsely, neither lie one to another.

Prov. 12. 22.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord : but they that deal truly are his delight.

Prov. 19. 5.

He that speaketh lies shall not escape.

Ephes. 4. 25.

Put away lying, and every one speak truth with his Neighbour : for we are members one of another.

Revel. 21. 27.

There shall in no wise enter into the new Jerusalem any thing that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

S. August.

Whosoever thinks there's any kind of lie that is not a sin, shamefully deceives himself, mistaking a lying or cozening knave for a square or honest man.

Gregor.

Eschew and avoid all falsehood : though sometime certain kinds of untruth are less sinful, as to tell a lie to save a mans life ; yet because the Scripture saith, The liar slayeth his own soul, and God will destroy them that tell a lie, therefore Religious and honest men should always avoid even the best sort of lies ; neither ought another mans life to be secured by our falsehood or lying, lest we destroy our own soul in labouring to secure another mans life.

His

His Soliloquy.

WHAT a child, O my soul, hath thy false bosom harbour'd! And what reward can thy indulgence expect from such a *Father*? What blessing canst thou hope from Heaven, that pleadest for the *Son* of the Devil, and crucifiest the *Son* of God? God is the Father of *Truth*. To secure thy estate thou deniest the *truth* by framing of a *lie*: To save thy brother's life thou opposest the *truth* in justifying a *lie*. Now tell me, O my soul, art thou worthy the name of a *Christian*, that deniest and opposest the *nature* of Christ? Art thou worthy of *Christ*, that preferrest thy *estate* or thy brother's *life* before him? O my unrighteous soul, canst thou hold thy brother worthy of death for giving thee the *lie*, and thy self guiltless that *makest* a *lie*? I, but in some cases *truth* destroys thy life; a *lie* preserves it. My soul, was God thy *Creator*? then make not the Devil thy *preserver*. Wilt thou despair to *trust* him with thy life that *gave* it, and make him thy *Protector* that seeks to *destroy* it? Reform thee and repent thee, O my soul; hold not thy life on such conditions, but trust thee to the hands that made thee.

S. Hierom.

Let not thy tongue know how to lie or swear; and let there be in thee so great a love of truth, that thou account whatever thou sayest as sealed with an Oath.

His

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His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of *truth*, whose word is *truth*, that hatest *lying* lips, and abominatest the *deceitful* tongue, that banishest thy presence all such as *love* or *make* a *lie*, and lovest *truth*, and requirest *uprightness* in the inward parts; I the most wretched of the sons of men, and most unworthy to be called thy son, make bold to cast my sinful eyes to Heaven. Lord, I have sinned against Heaven and against *truth*, and have turned thy grace into a *lie*. I have renounced the ways of righteousness, and have harboured much iniquity within me, which hath turned thy wrath against me. I have transgress'd against the checks of my own conscience, and have vaunted of my transgression: which way soever I turn mine eye, I see no object but shame and confusion. Lord, when I look upon my self, I find nothing there but fuel for thy wrath, and matter for thine indignation and my condemnation. And when I cast mine eyes to Heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a severe revenger. But, Lord, at thy right hand I see a Saviour and a sweet Redeemer. I see thy wounded Son cloathed in my flesh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous transgressions; for which my soul doth magnifie thee, O God, and my spirit rejoyceth in him my Saviour. Lord, when thou lookest upon the vast score of my offences, turn thine eyes

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eyes upon the infinite merits of his satisfaction. O when thy justice calls to mind my sins, let not thy mercy forget his sufferings. Wash me, O wash me in his blood, and thou shalt see me clothed in his righteousness. Let him that is all in all to me, be all in all for me; make him to me sanctification, justification and redemption. Inspire my heart with the spirit of thy truth, and preserve me from the deceitfulness of *double tongues*. Give me an inward confidence to rely upon thy fatherly providence, that neither fear may deter me, nor any advantage may turn me from the ways of thy truth. Let not the specious goodness of the *end* encourage me to the unlawfulness of the *means*, but let thy Word be the warrant to all my actions. Guide my footsteps that I may walk uprightly, and quicken my conscience that it may reprove my failings. Cause me to feel the burthen of this my habitual sin, that coming to thee by a true and serious repentance, my sins may obtain a full and a gracious forgiveness. Give me a *heart* to make a Covenant with my *lips*: that both my *heart* and *tongue* being sanctified by thy Spirit, may be both united in *truth* by thy mercy, and magnify thy name for ever and for ever.

Str.

He that is afraid to tell the truth, denieth himself to be a man.

The Revengeful man's Rage.



What a *Julip* to my scorching soul is the delicious *bloud* of my *Offender*! And how it cools the burning *Fever* of my boiling veins! It is the *Quintessence* of pleasures, the *height* of satisfaction, and the very *marrow* of all delight, to bath and paddle in the *bloud* of such whose bold *affronts* have turn'd my wounded *patience* into *fury*. How full of sweetness was his death, who dying was reveng'd upon three thousand enemies? How sweetly did the *younger brother's* *bloud* allay the soul-consuming flames of the *elder*, who took more pleasure in his *last breath*, than Heaven did in his first *Sacrifice*? Yet had not Heaven condemned his *action*, nature had found an *Advocate* for his *passion*. What sturdy spirit hath the power to rule his *suffering* thoughts, or curb the head-strong fury of his *Irascible* affections? Or who but fools (that cannot taste an injury) can *moderate* their high-bred *Spirits*, and stop their *passion* in her full *carere*? Let heavy Gynicks, they whose leaden souls are taught by stupid reason to stand *bent* at every wrong, that can digest an *injury* more easily than a complement, that can protest against the Laws of *nature*, and cry all natural *affection* down, let them be *And-irons* for the injurious world to work a *Heat* upon; let them find shoulders to receive the pain-
F
full

full stripes of pcevisih Mortals, and to bear the wrongs of daring insolence; let them be drawn like Calves prepar'd for slaughter, and bow their servile necks to sharp destruction; let them submit their slavish bosoms to be trod and trampled under foot at every ones pleasure: My *Eagle-spirit* flies a higher pitch, and like ambitious *Phaeton* climbs into the fiery *Chariot*, and drawn with Fury, Scorn, Revenge and Honour, rambles through all the spheres, and brings with it confusion and combustion: my reeking Sword shall vindicate my reputation, and rectifie the injuries of my honourable name, and quench it self in the plenteous streams of blood. Come, tell not me of Charity, Conscience, or Transgression. My *Charity* reflects upon my self, begins at home, and guided by the justice of my passion, is bound to labour for an honourable satisfaction. My Conscience is blood-proof, and I can broach a life with my illustrious weapon; with as little reluctance as kill a Flea that sucks my blood without commission; and I can drink a health in blood upon my bended knee to Reputation.

His Retaliation.

But hark, my soul, I hear a languishing, a dying voice cry up to Heaven for vengeance. It cries aloud, and thunders in my startling ear. I tremble, and my shivering bones are fill'd with horror. It cries against me: and hear what Heaven replies,

All that take up the Sword shall perish by the Sword, Mat. 26. 52.

Part I. for afflicted Souls. 105

His Proofs.

Lev. t. 19. 18.

Thou shalt not avenge, or bear any grudge against the Children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: I am the Lord.

Deut. 32. 35.

To me belongeth Vengeance and Recompence.

Ezek. 25. 12, 13.

Because that Edom hath dealt against the house of Judah, by taking vengeance, and hath greatly offended, and reveng'd himself upon them:

Therefore thus saith the Lord God, I will also stretch out mine hand upon Edom, and will cut off man and beast from it.

Mat. 5. 39.

Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.

Tertul.

What's the difference between one that doth an injury, and another that outrageously suffers it, except that the one is first, and the other second in the offence? but both are guilty of mutual injury in the sight of God, who forbids every sin, and condemns the offender.

Idem.

How can we honour God, if we revenge our selves?

Gloss.

Every man is a murderer, and shall be punished as Cain was, if he do (as Cain did) either assault his brother with violence, or pursue him with hatred.

His Soliloquy.

REvence is an Act of the *Irascible* affections, deliberated with *malice*, and executed without *mercy*. How often, O my soul, hast thou cursed thy self in the perfectest of *Prayers*? how often hast thou turned the spiritual *body* of thy Saviour into thy *damnation*? Can the *Sun* rise to thy *comfort*, that hath so often set in thy *wrath*? So long as thy *wrath* is kindled against thy brother, so long is the *wrath* of God burning against thee. O wouldst thou offer a pleasing *Sacrifice* to Heaven? Go first and be *reconciled* to thy brother. I, but who shall right thy *honour* then? Is thy honour wrong'd? *Forgive*, and it is vindicated. I, but this kind of heart-swelling can brook no *Poultice* but revenge. Take heed, my soul, the *remedy* is worse than the disease. If thy intricate *distemper* transcend thy power, make choice of a *Physician* that can purge that *humor* that fomenteth thy *malady*. Rely upon him; submit thy *will* to his directions: he hath a tender heart, a skilful hand, a watchful eye, that makes thy *welfare* the price of all his pains, expecting no reward, no fee, but *praises* and *thanksgiving*.

S. Bernard.

Be humble in asking of pardon, and easie in giving it, and thou wilt be at peace with all the world.

His Prayer.

O God thou art the God of *Peace*, and the lover of *unity* and concord, that dost command all those that seek forgiveness, to *forgive*, that hatest the *froward* heart, but shewest mercy to the *meek* in spirit; With what a face can I appear before thy mercy-seat? or with what countenance can I lift up these hands thus stained with my *brother's blood*? How can my lips that daily breed *revenge* against my *brother*, presume to own thee as my *Father*, or expect from thee thy blessing as thy *child*? If thou forgive my *trespasses*, O God, as I forgive my *trespassers*, in what a miserable estate am I, that in my very prayers condemn my self, and do not only limit thy compassion by my *uncharitableness*, but draw thy judgments on my head for my *Rebellion*? That heart, O God, which thou requirest as a holy present, is become a spring of *malice*. These hands which I advance, are ready instruments of base *revenge*. My thoughts, that should be sanctified, are full of *blood*, and how to compass evil against my brother is my continual meditation. The course of all my life is wilful disobedience, and my whole pleasure, Lord, is to displease thee. My conscience hath accused me, and the voice of *blood* hath cried against me: But, Lord, the *blood* of *Jesus* cries louder than the *blood* of *Abel*, and thy mercy is far more infinite than my sin. The *blood* that was shed

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by me cries for vengeance, but the *bloud* that
 was shed *for me* sues for mercy. Lord, hear the
 language of this bloud, and by the merits of
 this voice be reconciled unto me. That time
 which cannot be recalled, O give me power
 to redeem, and in the mean time a settled reso-
 lution to reform. Suppress the *violence* of my
 headlong passion, and establish a *meek* spirit
 within me. Let the sight of my own vileness
 take from me the sense of all disgrace, & let the
 Crown of my reputation be thy honour. Possess
 my heart with a desire of *unity* and concord,
 and give me *patience* to endure what my *impeni-*
tency hath deserved. Breath into my soul the
 spirit of *love*, and direct my affections to their
 right object: turn all my *anger* against that
 sin that hath provoked thee, and give me *bold*
revenge; that I may exercise it against my self.
 Grant that I may love thee for thy self, my self
 in thee, and my neighbour as my self. Assist
 me, O God, that I may subdue all evil in my self,
 and suffer patiently all evil as a punishment
 from thee. Give me a *merciful* heart, O God;
 make it slow to *wrath* and ready to *forgive*.
 Preserve me from the act of evil, that I may
 be delivered from the fear of evil; that living
 here in charity with men, I may receive that
 sentence of, *Come ye blessed*, in the Kingdom of
 glory.

The Secure man's Triumph.

SO now, my soul, thy happiness is entail'd, and thy illustrious name shall live in thy succeeding Generations. Thy dwelling is establish'd in the fat of all the land; thou hast what mortal heart can wish, and wantest nothing but immortality. The best of all the land is thine, and thou art planted in the best of Lands. A land whose Constitutions make the best of Government, which Government is strengthened with the best of laws, which Laws are executed by the best of Princes; whose Prince, whose Laws, whose Government, whose Land makes us the happiest of all subje^t, makes us the happiest of all people. A land of strength, of plenty, and a land of peace; where every soul may sit beneath his Vine, unrighted at the horrid language of the hoarse Trumpet, unstartled at the warlike summons of the roaring Cannon. A land whose beauty hath surpriz'd the ambitious hearts of foreign Princes, and taught them by their martial Oratory to make their vain attempts. A land whose strength reads vanity in the deceived hopes of Conquerors, and crowns their enterprizes with a shameful overthrow. A land whose native plenty makes her the worlds Exchange, supplying others, able to subsist without supply from foreign Kingdoms; in it self happy, and abroad honourable. A land that hath no vanity,

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but what the sweetest of all blessings, *peace* and plenty; that hath no *miser*y but what is propagated from that blindness which cannot see her own *felicity*. A land that flows with *Milk* and *Honey*, and in brief wants nothing to deserve the title of a *Paradise*. The *Curb* of *Spain*, the *pride* of *Germany*, the *aid* of *Belgia*, the *scourge* of *France*, the *Empress* of the *World*, and *Queen* of *Nations*. She is begirt with walls, whole builder was the hand of *Heaven*, whereon there daily rides a *Navy-Royal*, whose unconquerable power proclaims her Prince invincible, and whispers sad despair into the fainting hearts of *foreign* Majesty. She is compact within her self in *unity*, not apt to *civil* discords or *intestine* broils: The *envy* of all Nations, the *ambition* of all Princes, the *terror* of all enemies, the *security* of all neighbouring states. Let timorous *Pulpits* threaten ruine, let prophesying *Church-men* dote, till I believe. How often and how long have these loud *Sons of Thunder* false-prophefied her desolation? and yet she stands the *glory* of the world. Can *Pride* demolish the *Towers* that defend her? Can *Drunkennies* dry up the *Sea* that walls her? Can flames of *Lust* dissolve the *Ordnances* that protect her?

His Overthrow.

Be well advis'd, my soul, there is a voice from *Heaven* roars louder than those *Ordnances*, which saith, Thus saith the *Lord*, The whole land shall be desolate, *Jer. 4. 27.*

His

His Proofs.

Esay 14. 7, &c.

THe whole Earth is at rest and at quiet, they break forth into singing.

Yea the Fir-trees rejoyce at thee, and the Cedars of Lebanon sing, &c.

Yet shalt thou be brought down to Hell, to the sides of the Pit.

Jer. 5. 12.

They have belied the Lord, and said, It is not he, neither shall evil come upon us, neither shall we see sword or famine.

1 Cor. 10. 12.

Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

Luke 17. 27.

They did eat and drink, and they married wives and were given in marriage, until the flood came and destroyed them all.

S. August.

Whilst Lot was exercised in suffering reproach and violence, he continued holy and pure; even in the filth of Sodom: but in the mount, being in peace and safety, he was surprised by sensual security, and defiled himself with his own daughters.

Greg. Mag.

Our prosperous and happy state is often the occasion of more miserable ruine: a long peace hath made many men both carelesse and cowardly; and that's the most fatal blow when an unexpected enemy surpriseth us in a deep sleep of peace and security.

His Soliloquy.

Security is an *improvident carelesness*, casting out all fear of approaching danger. It is like a great *Calm* at Sea, that foreruns a *Storm*. How is this verified, O my sad soul, in this our *bleeding Nation*! Wert thou not till now for many years even nuzzl'd in the bosom of habitual *peace*? Didst thou foresee this *danger*? Or couldst thou have contrived a way to be thus *miserable*? Didst thou not laugh in *vaſion* to scorn? or didst thou not less fear a *Civil War*? Was not the *Title* of the *Crown* unquestionable? And was not our mixt *Government* unapt to fall into diseases? Did we want good *Laws*? or did our *Laws* want *execution*? Did not our *Prophets* give *lawful warning*? Or were we moved at the sound of *Judgments*? How hast thou liv'd, O my uncareful soul, to see these *Prophecies* fulfill'd, and to behold the *vials* of thy angry God pour'd forth? Since *Mercies*, O my soul, could not *allure* thee, yet let these *Judgments* now at length *enforce* thee to a true *repentance*. Quench the *Fire brand* which thou hast kindled; turn thy mirth to right *mourning*, and thy feasts of joy to *humiliation*.

Cassian.

There is no better expedient of security, than to commit all our interest to God, who knows how to give good things to them that ask him.

His

His Prayer.

O God by whom Kings reign and Kingdoms flourish, that settest up where none can batter down, and pullest down where none can countermand; I a most humble Suiter at the Throne of Grace, acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy mercies, nay worthy of the greatest of all thy judgments. I have sinned against thee, the Author of my being; I have sinned against my conscience, which thou hast made my accuser; I have sinned against the peace of this Kingdom, whereof thou hast made me a member: If all should do, O God, as I have done, *Sodom* would appear as righteous, and *Gomorrab* would be a precedent to thy wrath upon this sinful Nation, But, Lord, thy mercy is *inscrutable*, or else my misery were *unspeakable*: for that mercy sake be gracious to me in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his sake in whom thou art well pleased. Make my head a fountain of tears to quench that brand my sins have kindled towards the destruction of this flourishing Kingdom. Bless this Kingdom, O God; establish it in piety, honour, peace and plenty. Forgive all the crying sins, and remove all thy judgments far from her. Bless, bless her Governor, thy servant, our dread Sovereign. Endue his soul with all religious, civil, and princely vertues. Preserve his royal person in health, safety

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safety and prosperity; prolong his days in honour, peace or victory, and crown his death with everlasting glory. Bless him in his royal Consort; unite their hearts in love and true Religion. Bless him in his Princely issue; season their youth with the fear of thy name. Direct thy Church in doctrine and in discipline; and let her enemies be converted, or confounded. Purge her of all superstition and heresie; and root out from her whatsoever thy hand hath not planted. Bless the Nobility of this Land; endue their hearts with truth, loyalty, and true policy. Bless the Tribe of *Levi* with piety, learning, and humility. Bless the Magistrates of this Kingdom; give them religious and upright hearts, hating coverousness. Bless the Gentry with sincerity, charity and a good conscience. Bless the Commonalty with loyal hearts, painful hands, and plentiful increase. Bless the two great Seminaries of this Kingdom; make them fruitful nurseries both to the Church and Common-wealth. Bless all thy Saints every where, especially those that stood in the gap betwixt this Kingdom and thy judgments; that being all members of that Body whereof thou Christ art Head, we may all joyne in humiliation for our sins, and in the propagation of thy honour here, and be made partakers of thy glory in the Kingdom of glory hereafter.

The Presumptuous man's Felicity.



Ell-bauling Babes of *Bugbears*, to fright them into quietness; or terrifie youth with *old wives Fables*, to keep their wild affections in awe: such *Toys* may work upon their timorous apprehensions, when wholesome *precepts* fail, and find no audience in their youthful ears. Tell not me of Hell, Devils, or damned souls, to enforce me from those *pleasures* which they *nick-name sin*. What tell ye me of *Law*? my soul is sensible of *Evangelical precepts* without the needless and uncorrected thunder of the *killing Letter*, or the terrible periphrase of some roaring *Boanerges*, the tediousness of whose language still determines in *damnation*; wherein I apprehend God far more *merciful* than his *Ministers*. 'Tis true, I have not led my life according to the *Pharisaical square* of their *opinions*, neither have I found judgments according to their *prophecies*; whereby I must conclude that God is wonderfully *merciful*, or they wonderfully *mistaken*. How often have they thundred *torments* against my *voluptuous life*? and yet I feel no *pain*. How bitterly have they threatned *shame* against the *vaunts* of my *vain glory*? yet find I *honour*. How fiercely have they preach'd *destruction* against my *cruelty*? and yet I *live*. What *Plagues* against my *swearing*? yet not *infected*. What *diseases*

diseases against my *drunkenness*? and yet sound.
 What *danger* against *procrastination*? yet how
 often hath God been found upon the *death-bed*?
 What *damnation* to *Hypocrites*? yet who more
safe? What *stripes* to the *Ignorant*? yet who
 more *scot-free*? What *poverty* to the *Slothful*?
 yet themselves *prosper*. What *falls* to the
Proud? yet stand they *surest*. What *curses* to
 the *Covetous*? yet who *richer*? What *judgements*
 to the *Lascivious*? yet who more *pleasure*?
 What *vengeance* to the *Profane*, the *Consortious*,
 the *Revengeful*? yet none live more *unscourg'd*.
 Who deeper *branded* than the *Liar*? yet who
 more *favour'd*? Who more *threatned* than the
Presumptuous? yet who less *punish'd*? Thus are
 we fool'd and kept in awe with the strict fan-
 cies of those *Pulpit men*, whose opinions have
 no ground but what they gain from populari-
 ty: Thus are we frighted from the *liberty* of
Nature by the politick *Chimeraes* of *Religion*;
 whereby we are necessitated to the observing
 of those *Laws*, whereof we find a greater ne-
 cessity of breaking.

His Anathemas.

But stay, my soul, there is a voice that darts
 into my troubled thoughts, which saith,

Deut. 29.

*Because thou hast not kept my Laws, all the curses
 in this book shall overtake thee, till thou be de-
 stroyed.*

His

His Proofs.

Deut. 29. 27.

AND the anger of the Lord was kindled against the land, to bring upon it all the Curses that are written in this book.

2 Chron. 34. 24.

Thus saith the Lord, Behold I will bring evil upon this plate, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the book.

Deut. 28. 15.

But if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and do all his Commandments and his Statutes which I command thee this day, all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee.

Bernard.

It is certain thou must die, and uncertain when, how, or where: seeing death is always at thy heels, thou must (if thou be wise) always be ready to die.

Idem.

To commit a sin, is an humane frailty: to persist in it, is a devilish obstinacy.

Idem.

There are some who hope in the Lord, but yet in vain; because they only smooth and flatter themselves that God is merciful, but repent not of their sin: such confidence is vain and foolish, and leads to destruction.

His

His Soliloquy.

Presumption is a sin, whereby we depend upon God's mercies without any warrant from God's word. It is as great a sin, O my soul, to hope for God's mercy without *Repentance*, as to distrust God's mercy upon *Repentance*. In the first thou wrongest his *Justice*; in the last, his *Mercy*. O my presumptuous soul, let not thy prosperity in sinning encourage thee to sin; lest climbing without warrant into his mercy, thou fall without mercy into his judgment. Be not deceived; a long *Peace* makes a bloody *War*, and the abuse of continued mercies makes a sharp judgment. Patience when slighted turns to fury, but ill requited starts to vengeance. Think not that thy unpunish'd sin is hidden from the eye of Heaven, or that God's judgments will delay for ever. The stalled Ox that wallows in his plenty, and waxes wanton with ease, is not far from slaughter. The Eper, O my desperate soul, is long a filling, but once being full, the leaden cover must go on, and then it hurries on the wings of the wind. Advise thee then, and whilst the Lamp of thy prosperity lasts, provide thee for the evil day, which being come, *Repentance* will be out of date, and all thy *Prayers* will find no ear.

Tertul.

A Christian hath no morrow, that is, should put off no duty, until the morrow.

His

His Prayer.

GRACIOUS God, whose mercy is unsearchable, and whose goodness is unspeakable, I the unthankful object of thy continued favours, and therefore the miserable subject of thy continual wrath, humbly present my self-made misery before thy sacred Majesty. Lord, when I look upon the horridness of my sin, shame strikes me dumb; but when I turn mine eye upon the infiniteness of thy mercy, I am emboldned to pour forth my soul before thee: as in the one finding matter for confusion, so in the other arguments for compassion. Lord, I have *sinned grievously*, but my Saviour hath *satisfied abundantly*; I have trespassed *continually*, but he hath suffered *once for all*. Thou hast numbred my transgressions by the hairs of my head, but his mercies are innumerable like the stars of the sky: My sins in greatness are like the mountains of the Earth, but his mercy is greater than the Heavens. O if his mercy were not greater than my sins, my sins were unpardonable: for his therefore and thy mercies sake cover my sins, and pardon my transgressions. Make my head a fountain of tears, and accept my contrition, O thou Well-spring of all mercy. Strengthen my resolution, that for the time to come I may detest all sin. Encrease a holy anger in me, that I may revenge my self upon my self for displeasing so gracious a Father. Fill my heart with a *fear* of thy

thy judgments, and sweeten my thoughts with the meditation of thy mercies. Go forwards, O my God, and perfect thy own work in me, and take the glory of thy own free goodness: furnish my mouth with the praises of thy name, and replenish my tongue with continual thanksgiving. Thou hast promised pardon to those that repent: behold, I repent: Lord, quicken my Repentance. Thou mightest have made me a terrible example of thy justice, and struck me into Hell in the height of my presumption; but thou hast made me capable of thy mercies, and an object of thy commiseration: for thou art a gracious God, long-suffering, and slow to anger; thy name is wonderful, and thy mercies incomprehensible. Thou art only worthy to be praised. Let all the people praise thee, O God, O let all the people praise thee. Let Angels and Archangels praise thee; Let the Congregations of Saints praise thee; Let thy works praise thee; Let every thing that breaths praise thee for ever and for ever, *Amen.*

Psalm 50. 21.

These things hast thou done and I kept silence, Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thy self: but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes.

BARNABAS,

OR,

The Compassionate

SAMARITAN,

Pouring *oil* into Wounded

SPIRITS.

The Second Part.

BY

Fra. Quarles.

The Eighth Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *R. Royston*, at the Angel
in *Amen Corner*, 1674.

BARK ABAS

OR

The Compassion

2 1 1 1 1 1 1

Pointing Out into the World

2 1 1 1 1 1 1

The Compassion

BY

For the

The English

1 1 1 1 1 1 1

Printed for the Author and Sold by
in London 1774

Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls.

Part II.

The weary man's Burthen.



GOD, who in himself is the fulness and perfection of all Glory, who needed no Tongue to praise it, no Pen to express it, no Work to magnifie it, created a World for his own pleasure, furnish'd it of his own goodness, made *Man* out of his own mere motion, appointed him his *Lieutenant* here upon earth, and as a *witness* and an *instrument* of his Glory, the sole *end* of his *Creation*: But *Man* grew proud, transgress'd against his first *Commandment* and fell, and by his fall destroyed his then unborn *posterity*. *Sin* entred the world, and *death* by sin: and I poor miserable creature, born in sin, have turned his glory to dishonour, my due obedience to *Rebellion*, and my happiness into eternal *death*. How intolerable is the *Burthen* of this sin! How insufferable is the *weight* of my offences! If I but think of *Heaven*, it clogs my contemplations. If I but pray to *Heaven*, it presses down my devotion. I have lost the favor of my God, I have frustrated the

frustrated the *end* of my creation, I have broke the peace of my *conscience*, I have clippt the wings of my *faith*, I have dash'd the comfort of my *hopes*. Good Angels have forsaken me, my conscience hath accused me, God's *Prophecies* have condemned me, and *Hell* gapes for me. What shall I do? Or whither shall I flie? Shall I seek to *Angels*? Alas, I have turned them away displeased: They will not hear me, or if they would, they cannot help me. Shall I flie to my own Conscience? alas, that will flie on me. Shall I trust on my own *merits*? alas, they are false *Lights*, and will light me to my own ruine. Or shall I take the wings of the Morning, and flie to the utmost parts of the Earth? alas, my sins will follow me, my sins will *haunt* me wheresoever I go. Poor miserable man that I am, who shall deliver me from this burthen? Poor miserable man that I am, who shall release me from this Bondage? Is there no *Comfort* for a poor distressed soul? Is there no *Ease* for a poor disconsolate Sinner? Is there no *Balsam* for a wounded Heart? no *Refuge* for a guilty Penitent?

His Rest.

O my soul, why art thou so sad? and why is thy spirit so disquieted within thee? Put thy trust in God, who hath said,

Mat. 11. 28.

Come unto me all you that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

His Proofs.

Jer. 6. 16.

THus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the old ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.

Isa. 51. 11.

He redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Sion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: They shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

Mat. 11. 29.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall have rest unto your souls.

Hieron. in Epist.

Dost thou fear poverty? Christ calls the poor man blessed: art thou afraid of labour? pains are the parents of a Crown: art thou hungry? Faith fears no famine. God, the Generalissimo of the world, with his Militia of Angels beolds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a crown of everlasting rest.

Aug. de Virgin.

Sow thy heart with divers seeds, with Fasting, Prayer, Reading, Alms, that the end of thy labour may be the harvest of thy rest.

His

His Soliloquy.

TRue, my soul, if thou shouldst only cast a
 eye upon the *letter* of the *Law*, that letter
 would soon cast thee and condemn thee; or
 thy only object were the base *corruptions* of the
 sinful *heart*, there were sufficient cause to justifi-
 fie that condemnation; or hadst thou nothing
 else to trust to but thine own *abilities*, thy case
 were too too miserable for expression; or
 shouldst thou seriously consider that glorious
Majesty thou hast *offended*, there were no
 hopes for consolation: But, O my soul, there
 is a *Gospel* to mitigate the rigour of that *Letter*;
 there is a *Chancery* to moderate the severity
 of that *Law*; there is a *Saviour* to moderate
 betwixt that *God* and thy *Offences*. Art thou
 in *bondage*? O my soul, here is *freedom*; Art
 thou *dejected*? here is *comfort*; Art thou *pun-*
sued? here is a *refuge*; Art thou *overburthen-*
ed? here is *rest*? Art thou *condemned*? here
 is a *pardon*. Appeal therefore from the Throne
 of *Justice* to the Seat of *Mercy*; from the
 justice of *Jehovah* to the mercy of thy *Jesus*;
 deny thy self, and he will own thee; empty thy
 self, and he will fill thee: Let not thy sin
 affright thee, he hath *satisfied*: Let not Hell
 dismay thee, he hath *suffered*: Let not the first
death trouble thee, he hath *sweetened* it: Let
 not the *second death* terrifie thee, he hath *con-*
quered it. Fear not to come to him, for he hath
 called thee: Fear not to pray to him, for he
 will hear thee.

His Prayer.

O God, whose perfect glory needed not the help of *Man*, yet madest him for thy *Glorious*, wherein consisted his eternal *Happiness*; I a poor son of *Adam*, fallen by his *Sin*, and wallowing in my own *corruptions*, lie prostrate here before the foot-stool of thy *Mercy-seat*, acknowledging my grievous *Sins*, and humbly begging *pardon* for my manifold *transgressions*. How infinite is thy *Mercy*, O God, that hast not spared thy only *Son*, but made his precious *Bloud* a Ransom to redeem me from the jaws of *Death*! I have made my self a great *Delinquent*, and thou hast appointed Him my gracious *Advocate*: I have made my self a *Sinner*, and he hath given himself to be my *Saviour*. To thee therefore, O my blessed *Jesus*, whose *Death* is my *deliverance*, I flie: Before thee (who art more *merciful* than I am *miserable*) I fall. Thy *Mercies* have invited me, thy *Merits* have emboldned me, to present my *groans* before thy gracious *Ears*, and to lay my *Burthen* upon thy dying *Shoulders*. O Lamb of God which takest away the *sins* of the *world*, have mercy upon me. O Lamb of God that takest away the *Burthen* of my *sins*, have mercy upon me; and grant me thy *Rest*. O thou that tookest my *flesh* upon thee, grant me thy *Spirit*. Sanctifie my *thoughts*: Be merciful to my *sins*; Be gracious unto my *Prayers*. Let the *Intercession* of thy

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thy merits restore me to the favour of my God. Let the freeness of thy mercy release me from the burthen of my Conscience. Wean me from my self: Direct me in thy ways. Be thou my Rest: Be thou my Refuge. Fix thou my wavering faith: Recal my wandring Hopes. Give thy Angels charge over me, whom I have so often sent grieved away. Establish me with a free Spirit, and restore me to the joy of thy Salvation. Let that power that calls me, enable me to come; and let my coming be rewarded in thy Promise. Let thy Word comfort me, let thy Truth conduct me, and let thy Spirit counsel me; that being relieved by the bounty of thy Grace, released from the Burthen of my sins, and redeemed by the vertue of thy Blood, I may come to thee with the Confidence of a Son, and be received of thee in the Compassion of a Father, and after this life of Grace, live with thee in thy Kingdom of Glory.

S. Aug.

Christ is the way, the truth, and the life: the way, wherein thou shouldst go; the truth, whither thou wouldst arrive; the life, which thou wouldst enjoy.

Heb. 2. 18.

For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.

The Sinner's Sentence.


The miserable condition of *Mankind*! What loads of self-made misery are fallen upon the *sons of men*! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to stand; and being fallen by his ambitious will, hath lost the power to rise. He was created good; but not content with such a goodness, grew covetous to encrease it by the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodness. *Evil* he desired to know; and not knowing the misery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miserable. That God, the sweetness of whose presence was the perfection of mans felicity, he rebelliously declined; and being the *Favourite* of Heaven, made himself a *fire-brand* of Hell: and I, his miserable child, am made more miserable by my own offences. What mercy can I expect from this just God, whose justice I have so oft offended? What judgment may I now suspect from that merciful God whose mercy I have so oft abused? Is not the practice of my life, *Sin*? Are not the wages of my sin, *Death*? If one sin destroyed a world of men, shall not a world of sins destroy one man? I that have not feared to provoke his Justice, am now afraid to think him Just. I that have slighted his mercy, have now no warrant to hope him merciful,

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ciful. He that *made* the eye, can he chuse but *see*? He that sees all things, beholds he not my *sin*? Can he behold my sin, and not *punish*? Can he *punish*, and I not *confounded*? What am I poor dust and ashes to stand before so great an enemy? Did he not create me for his service, and shall not his hand destroy me for my *Rebellion*? What *Advocate* shall plead my cause? What *Sanctuary* shall secure me? Shall that *Bloud* save me which I have spilt? Will that Judge quit me which I have crucified? Shall I present my prayers to Heaven? Alas! my very prayers will return like *Thunderbolts* upon my head. Shall I lay my sins before the eye of Heaven? Ah me! I dare not, lest they draw down vengeance into my bosom.

His Sanctuary.

Be not afraid, my soul, God's mercy far transcends thy misery. Cheer up; where *sin* abounds there *grace* abounds much more. O now, my soul, depart in *peace*, for thine eyes shall see thy *salvation*. Open thine ears and hear what the Spirit saith.

John 11. 26.

He that believeth in me shall never die.

Part II. for afflicted souls. 129

His Proofs.

Rom: 1. 17.

THe just shall live by Faith.

John 3. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Acts 16. 31.

Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household.

John 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.

Chrysost.

The faith of the true Catholick Religion is the light of the soul, and the gate of life, and the foundation of eternal happiness.

Cassiod.

Man enjoys all things in himself that enjoys himself; but he only enjoys himself that enjoys his God; and he alone enjoys his God that believes in him.

August.

No greater treasure than the true Catholick faith: It gives to the blind light, to the sick health, to sinners Repentance, to the penitent salvation.

His Soliloquy.

BUt is thy *miscry*, O my soul, greater than his *mercy*? 'Tis true, the practice of thy life is *sin*, but the practice of his Mercy is *pardon*: The wages of thy sin is *death*, but the merits of his death is *life*. Art thou afraid to think the God of Vengeance *just*? and well thou mayst, if thou deny the God of Mercy to be *merciful*. Old *Adam* hath run thee in *debt*, and young *Adam* hath paid the *score*, and wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my distrustful soul, darken not the Sun shine of his power with the clouds of thy *infidelity*; Eclipse not the illustrious body of his Mercy with the interposition of thy *despair*. Think not thy great *Creator* is thine enemy, when thy gracious Redeemer is thy friend. Hast thou sinned against thy *Creation*? thou art absolved by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy rebellion? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou hast shed thy Saviour's *Bloud*: Take comfort, that very bloud which thou hast spilt will *save* thee. But thou hast crucified the Lord of glory: The Lord of glory, whom thou hast crucified, hath crucified thy *sins*. Fear not then, my soul, to flie to such a *Friend*, whose arms are open to *embrace* thee, whose eyes are open to *behold* thee, whose lips are open to *plead* for thee, whose wounds are open to ease thy *pains*, whose ears are open to hear thy *Prayers*.

His Prayer.

O God, that madest all things to serve Man, that Man might the more chearfully serve thee, that gavest him power to continue in that perfect state thou madest him, and a will to use that power to thy glory and his own comfort; I the *unhappy* son of my unhappy parents, made *more unhappy* by my own transgressions, do here in all humility and contrition acknowledge my self the *miserable subject* of thy utter *wrath*. Lord, I have lost the power to do what thou commandest, and am only left to suffer what thy displeasure shall lay upon me. But yet, O God, thy mercy is no less infinite than thy justice, and far more infinite than my sins, and thou hast promised life to all believers. Give therefore dust and ashes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promise*; and what thou hast commanded to be done, O give me power to do. Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified. Look not upon thy servant, O God, but through the Blood of thy *Son*; and let the *merits* of a *Saviour* outcry the *demerits* of a *Sinner*. Remember not what I a sinner have *done*, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour hath *suffered*. O let his bloody *sweat* anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord, I am sick, I flee to him as my *Physician*; I am a trespasser, I flee

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to him my *Advocate*; I am a suiter, I flie to him my *Mediator*; I am a Delinquent, I flie to him my *Sanctuary*; I am a sinner, I flie to him my *Saviour*. Let the shamefulness of his *death* expiate the sinfulness of my *life*; and let the willingness of his *Obedience* satisfie for the willfulness of my *Rebellion*. Let my sins, that cry louder than the sins of *Cain*, be wash'd in his *blood*, which speaks better things than the blood of *Abel*. Remember thy *Promises* to those that believe. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief. Quicken my soul with *faith*, inflame my affections with *love*, and fill my mouth with *prayers*: that knowing him, I may believe in him; and believing in him, I may love him; and loving him, I may praise him with *Hosannas* here in the Church militant, and *Hallelujahs* hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

Boeth.

There lies on us a great necessity of doing well, since we do all things under the eyes of that Judge that sees all.

The poor man's want.



OD that created all things for man's use, created man for his service, who by the accommodation of all the *Creatures* might be enabled the better to do service to his *Creator*. But when the proud disloyalty of man *rebelled*, the *Creature*, that knew not how to serve man on such conditions, returned to his first *Creator*, to be a-new disposed of by him according to his pleasure. How dare I then presume to expect from his hands what I have disinherited my self of by my *Rebellion*? Or how can I a *dog* claim any interest in the *Childrens bread*? How dare I a *sinner* intrude into the *portion* of the *righteous*? And if the *righteous* only shall inherit the Land, in what quarter lies mine inheritance? If *blessings* be the proper dues of *sons*, what is due to me the greatest of all *sinners*? I am no Son, and therefore no *Heir*; in-somuch that what I possess I enjoy not by *right*, but *usurpation*. What have I that I can call mine own? Or wherein can my *title* prove a *right*? I am wretched, for I am a *sinner*; I am poor, for I want the thing I have; I am blind, for I cannot see my wants; I am naked, for I cannot hide my shame. I can challenge nothing but my sin, my sorrow, my punishment, my shame. I can see nothing but that I am wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.

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I can

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I can expect nothing but what I first must receive. I can receive nothing but what must first be given. Nothing can be given but by *Prayer*. Prayer hath no verture but by *Faith*; and whatsoever is not of faith is *sin*. How then shall I supply this *emptiness*? By what means shall I relieve my wants? By what art shall I clear this *blindness*? What cloaths shall hide my nakedness? If I pray for what I want, I fear I shall not want what I deserve. I am a *Prodigal*, and have spent my *talent*; I have divorced my presence from my angry *Father*; I am not worthy to be called his *Son*, and he too worthy to be called my *Father*; I have forsaken my God, and his *blessings* have forsaken me; I that have banish'd my self from my *Father's* bounteous table, am now marshall'd among *swine*.

His Supply.

Return, return thee, O my soul, into thy Father's arms; Confess thy wants, and his mercy will relieve thee, who saith,

John 16. 23.

Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you.

His Proofs.

1 John 5. 14, 15.

AND this is the confidence we have in him: If we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us. If we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

John 14. 13, 14.

Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Mat. 7. 7.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.

Psal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.

Isidor.

He that obeys not the Law of God, obtains not the thing he desires of God; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we shall doubtless receive what we desire.

Ambr.

We have all things in Christ, and Christ is all things in us. If we are sick, he is a Physician; if we fear death, he is life; if in darkness, he is light; if in want, he is abundance; if hungry, he is food; if thirsty, he is drink; if miserable, he is mercy; if covetous of Heaven, he is the way.

His

His Soliloquy.

IF thy own Righteousness only interest thee in Heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth than from thy self, how vain were the *merits* of a *Saviour*, and how poor were the *estate* of a *Sinner*? But having no righteousness but in *him*, thou hast no interest in any blessing but by *him*. Art thou poor in estate, O my soul? find him, and thou art rich. Art thou wretched? seek him, and thou hast *happiness*. Blinded with error? seek him, and thou art enlightened with *truth*. Naked? find him, and thou shalt be clothed with *Robes*. Challenge nothing but thy *sin*, and thou shalt enjoy all things by thy *Repentance*. Be sensible of thy *misery*, and thou art capable of his *mercy*. Hast thou wasted thy portion with the Prodigal? return to thy *Father*, like the Prodigal. Acknowledge thy own *unworthiness*, and thy father's *indulgence* will embrace thee. Let not the sins of thy own *wretchedness* discourage thee, nor the fear of his *displeasure* dishearten thee. Can an earthly mother forget her *child*? and canst thou distrust the mercies of a heavenly *Father*? Go then, my soul, lie into his bosom by *contrition*, groan thy sorrows in his ear by penitent *confession*. He that hath called thee, will accept thee; He that hath commanded thee to pray, will hear thy *Prayer*.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art the Creator and giver of all good things, by which we are either made the more serviceable to thee, or the more inexcusable in neglecting thy service; I a poor off-cast among the sons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigal*, have mispent thy precious blessing, do here return from *hunts* and *Harlots* and the lewd *concupiscence* of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee, O my offended Father. I have usurp'd thy favours, intruded into thy blessings, and like a *Dog* devour'd the childrens bread. O God, my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodness, *All in All*. But yet thy gracious promise hath invited me to call on thee in my necessities. Be it therefore, O God, according to thy Word. Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy Truth is everlasting. Lord, as thou hast made me sensible of my *wants*, so make me capable of thy relief. Remove my *wretchedness* by thy *Mercy*; Relieve my *poverty* by thy all-sufficient *Grace*; Recover my *blindness* by thy *Light*; Cover my *nakedness* with thy *Robe*. Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy Laws be mine inheritance. Hear the needy when he calls upon thee, and help the poor that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my trust even from my mother's Womb. Make me sufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace shall be sufficient for me.

Provoke

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Provoke in my soul a thirst after righteousness, that I may take and drink the Cup of thy salvation. Teach me to ask according to thy pleasure, and grant my Requests according to thy promise. Strengthen my Faith in all my Supplications; and give me patience to expect thy leisure. What I possess, O God, let me enjoy in Thee, and Thee in it. Relieve my necessities according to thy will, and let thy pleasure limit my desires. In my prosperity let me not forget thee, and in my Adversity let me not forsake thee. With Jacob's wealth, Lord, give me Jacob's blessing; with Lazarus's want, O give me Lazarus's reward. Both in want and wealth give me a contented mind: both in prosperity and adversity give me a thankful heart. Lord, hear my prayer for thy mercies sake, for my miseries sake, for thy promise sake, for my Jesus sake, to whom be glory and praise for ever and ever.

S. August.

Thy gold cannot do to thee the office of silver, thy mine cannot be thy bread, nor the light cool thy thirst; but thy God can be all things to thee.

Mat. 6. 33.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

The Forgetful man's Complaint.



WE are Gods husbandry : our hearts
are the *soil*, whereof some is
more fruitful, some more barren,
and both unprofitable ; his *holy*
Word is the seed, which some-
times falls upon a *lean ground*, sometimes up-
on a *stony*, sometimes upon a *good ground* ; the
cares of the *world* are like *thorns* that spring
up and choke it ; *Persecutions*, like a *soultrey*
summer, scorch it ; the *lusts* of the *flesh*, like
the *fouls* of the *air*, which wait upon the *Plough*,
and licens'd by the *Prince* of the *air*, devour it.
How many disadvantages, O God, attend upon
thy husbandry ? how many losses lessen thy in-
crease ? how many accidents make thy *soil* un-
fruitful, and thy *Harvest* easie and unprofitable ?
To what purpose do I Till my *land* ? To what
advantage do I stir my *fallows* ? I have no soon-
er sowed my willing ground, but the seed is
sown away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a *prepared*
heart ; I hear *glad tidings* with a *cheerful ear*,
and then repose them in a joyful *breast* : But
when I look into my hopeful *Magazine*, be-
hold there's nothing there but *emptiness* and *va-*
nity. The joys of what I *gained* were swallowed
with the grief of what I lost. No sooner had I
set my portals open to let in the *King* of *glory*,
but lo, the *slightness* of my *entertainment* turn'd
him out again. I hid my *Saviour* in the *Sepul-*
chre of my *soul*, and they have taken away my
Lord,

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Lord, and I know not where they have laid him: my Beloved withdrew himself, and is gone, and I have sought him, but I could not find him. O treacherous *Memory*! how hast thou betrayed my *rest*? how hast thou lost the balsam of thy Soul? How art thou heedless in preserving what my poor soul was so earnest in pursuing? How canst thou chuse but feel the stroke of death, having thus lost the Word of life? What shall now comfort thee in thy *Afflictions*? O what shall strengthen thee in thy *Temptations*? or what shall wind up the plummetts of thy soul in *Desperation*?

His Consolation.

Chear up, my soul: the *Pearl* which thou hast lost is hidden in thy *field*, and time shall bring it forth; when sharp *Afflictions* shall plough up the fallows of thy heart, this Pearl shall then appear and comfort thee. Turn and read what the Spirit saith.

John 14. 26.

The holy Spirit shall bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.

His Proofs.

John 15. 26.

When the Comforter shall come, whom I will send from the Father, even the spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.

1 John 2. 27.

The anointing which ye have received of him abides in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie: and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Greg. in Moral.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory.

Bede.

There is no dulness where the holy Spirit is Teacher, no forgetfulness where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Greg.

The holy Spirit is an antidote against seven poisons: It is wisdom against folly, quickness of apprehension against dulness, faithfulness of memory against forgetfulness, fortitude against fear, knowledge against ignorance, piety against profaneness, humility against pride.

His

His Soliloquy.

THe strongest City (when force without and treachery within assails it) must yield; and canst thou expect, O my soul, to be impregnable? Hast thou the *Devil* and the *World* without thee, and so many Regiments of *lusts* within thee, yet thinkest thou to sustain no loss? Art thou so unexperienced in the Christian war, to think thy *Magazine* safe upon so strong a siege? Thou storest thy heart with plenty of the *bread of life*, and canst thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own *corruptions*? Thou sowest thy ground with liberal seed, and thinkest thou that the Fowls of the air (being *Lucifer's* own regiment) will not rob thee of a share? Thou fillest thy *Treasury* with sums of wealth, and canst thou hope the Troops within thee will not plunder thee? Vex not thy self, my soul; what's taken from thee with too strong an arm, shall be no loss to thee. Consent not, but continue loyal, and thy *compulsions* shall never wrong thee. If thy domestic *Rebels* sequester thy whole estate, thy loyalty shall preserve thee. Chear thee, O then, my soul: the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* shall be repayed, thy wrongs shall be repaired; till then, thy *sufferings* shall be remembered, and then thy *Petitions* shall be regarded.

His Prayer.

O God, without whose special blessing and success *Paul* plants in vain and *Apolla* waters to no purpose, that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit* enrichest all those hearts from whom thy patience shall expect increase; I, the worst piece of all thy Husbandry, do here acknowledge and confess mine own barrenness, as most unworthy of thy pains. Lord, thou hast often ploughed my heart with *trials* and *afflictions*, manured it with the presence of thy Heavenly grace, and sowed it with thy pure Seed; yet such is the base condition of my unfruitful heart, that either the coldness of the soil starves it, or the cares of the world choke it, or the malice of the Devil robs it, that it cannot bring forth increase worthy of thy pains or expectation. Lord, I am thy husbandry, continue thy careful hand upon me, and supply my weakness with thy strength, and make me fruitful for thy glory. And thou, O God, that hast given thy word for a *Lamp* unto my feet and a *light* unto my paths, so open mine eyes, that I may behold the frailty of my *flesh*; so clear my sight, that I may avoid the vanities of the *World* and the snares of *Satan*. Be thou my *skreen* to preserve this *Lamp*: Be thou my *Lantern* to protect this *Light*, that the corruptions of my *flesh* may not obscure it, that the vanities of the *World* may not eclipse it, that the suggestions of *Satan* may not consume it.

it. Unlock mine ears, that I may hear what thou commandest. Lock thou my memory, that I may retain what I hear. Enlarge my heart, that I may practise what I retain: and open thou my *lips*, that I may praise thee in my practise. Consider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken me according to thy loving kindness. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my ways may be directed to keep thy *Statutes*. Remember thy word to thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my helper: Behold I am comfortless, be thou my comforter. Restraine his malice that steals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time cometh, thy *Harvest* may be fruitful, and I thy servant being found faithful may enter into my Master's joy, and be received into eternal Glory.

S. Hieron.

We are all careful about small matters, and negligent in the greatest; of which this is the reason, We know not where true felicity is.

The Widow's Distress.



O vain, so momentany are the pleasures of this world, so transitory is the happiness of mankind, that what with the *expectation* that goes before it, the *cares* that go with it, and the *griefs* that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, than miserable in the enjoying it. The greatest of all worldly joys, are but bubbles full of air, that break with the fulness of their own vanity; and but at best like *Jonah's Gourd*, which please us while they last, and vex us in the loss. Past and future happiness are the miseries of the time present; and present happiness is but the passage to approaching misery; which being transitory, and meeting with a transitory *possessor*, perish in the very using. What was mine yesterday in the blessedness of a full fruition, to day hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance, it was mine. The more I call to mind the joys I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have. My *Sun* is set, my glory is darkened, and not one star appears in the *Firmament* of my little world. He from whose loins I came, is taken from me: He to whose bosom I returned, is taken from me. My blessing in the one, my Comforts in the other, are taken from me: And what is left to me but a poor third part of my self to bewail

bewail the loss of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *Orphan*. I that was respected by the honourable title of a *wife* am now rejected by the despicable name of a *widow*. I that flourish'd like a fruitful vine upon the house top, am now neglected and troden under foot. He that like a strong wall supported my tender *Branches* is fallen, and left my *Clusters* to the spoil of ravenous swine. The Spring-tides of my Plenty are spent, and I am gravelled on the low ebbs of all wants. The *Sonnets* of my mirth are turned to *Elegies* of mourning. My *Glory* is put out, and my honour grovels in the dust. I call to my friends, and they neglect me: I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me. My beauty is departed from me, and all my joys are swallowed up.

Her Relief.

But stay, my soul, plunge not too far: shall not he take that gave? cannot he that took restore? The Lord is thy portion, who saith,

Psal. 68. 5.

I will be an husband to the widow, and a Father to the Fatherless.

Her Proofs.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24.

YE shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry:

And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

Mal. 3. 5.

I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the widow and the fatherless.

James 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction.

August.

God is all things to thee. Art thou hungry? he is bread: Art thou thirsty? he is water: Art thou in darkness? he is light: Art thou naked? he is a Robe of eternity: Art thou a Widow? he is thy Husband: Art thou an Orphan? he is thy Father.

Idem.

Whatsoever is not God is not definable. Whatsoever my God bestows upon me, let him deprive me of, so as he leave himself: Let him take away his gift, so he give me the giver.

Her

Her Soliloquy.

HOW hath the *Sun-shine* of truth discovered what appeared not by the *Candle-light* of Nature ! How many *Atoms* in thy soul hath this light descried, which in thy natural *Twilight* were not visible ! Excessive sadness for so great a *loss* can want no Arguments from *flesh* and *bloud*, which Arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partial *balance* of Nature. A Husband is thy self *divided* ; thy Children thy self *multiplied* : for whom (when snatch'd away) God allows some *grains* to thy affections ; but when they exceed the allowance, they will not pass in *Heaven's* account, but must be coin'd again. Couldst thou so often offend thy God without a fear ? and cannot he, my soul, displease thee once without so many ? Doth the want of spiritual *graces* not trouble thee ? and shall a *temporal loss* so much torment thee ? Is thy Husband taken away, and art thou cast down ? Hath thy God promised to be thy husband, and art thou not comforted ? True symptoms of more *flesh* than *spirit*. Thy husband was the *gift*, thy God the *giver* ; and wilt thou more disprize the *giver* than the *gift* ? Be wise, my soul : if thou hast lost a *man*, thou hast found a *God* : having therefore wet thy wings in natures *showwer*, go and dry them in the God of Nature's *Sun-shine*.

His Prayer.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand pleasures are evermore; that makest the *Comforts* of this life momentary, that we may not over-prize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late *sharer* in this worldly happiness, but a sad *witness* of its vanity, do here address my self to thee the only *crown* of all my joys, in whom there is no *variableness*, nor shadow of *change*. Lord, thou didst give me what my unthankfulness hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me what thy goodness hath promised to supply. Thou hast given and thou hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever. Thou then, O God, who art not less able to perform than willing to promise, whose mercy is more ready to bestow than my misery is to beg, strengthen my *faith*, that I may believe thy *promise*; encourage my *hopes*, that I may expect thy *performance*; quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou *all* in *all* to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, and lighten my darkness with the *Sun* of thy *glory*. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldness call thee my Father. Sanctifie my affections with the Spirit of *meekness*, that my conversation may testify that I am thy child. Wean my heart from worldly
H sorrow,

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sorrow, lest I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our marriage-Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit. Prevent me with thy blessings; Protect me by thy Grace; Preserve me for thy self; Prepare me for thy Kingdom. Be thou a Father to bless me; Be thou a Husband to comfort me. In the midst of my want, be thou my plenty: In the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and then my dust shall shew forth thy praise. Be thou a wall to support my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: let them flourish in the Sun-shine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.

Chrys.

Nothing is more rich than he that undergoes a willing poverty, and bears it with a religious cheerfulness.

S. Basil.

Before we do any thing else, be we careful to consecrate the first-fruits of the day and the very beginnings of our holy thoughts unto the service of God.

The Afflicted man's Trouble.



Which way soever I turn mine eyes, I see nothing but spectacles of *mifery*, and emblems of *mortality*. If I look up, there I behold an *angry* God, and I am troubled: Look downwards, there I see a prepared *Hell*, and I am terrified. Look on my right hand, and there prosperity emboldens me to a secure *presumption*: Look on my left hand, and there adversity enforces me to a sad despair. Look about me, and there I find legions of *temptations* beleaguering me: Look within me, and there I see a guilty *conscience* accusing me. In all which I perceive nothing but *mifery*, nothing but *man*; and in that misery, that *periphrase* of man, Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not man's time short, man were the miserablest of all creatures, and I the miserablest of all men. I am still haunted with three Enemies, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*. The *World* troubles me with her *cares*; the *Flesh* troubles me with *infirmities*: the *Devil* troubles me with *temptations*. If I am rich, I am troubled with *fears*, to lose; if poor, I am troubled with *cares*, to get: if single, troubled to seek a wife; if married, troubled to please a wife: If I have children, every child is a new trouble; if childless, I am as much troubled for an heir: If sick, troubled with *di-*

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stempers and drugs; if sound, troubled with *lust*, or *labour*: if in my business, troubled with *vexation*; if in my devotion, troubled with *distraction*. Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time, and is full of trouble. Where shall I turn me to avoid this *toil*? What steps shall I tread to escape this trouble? Shall I incline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is but madness; therefore trouble. Shall I quicken my spirits with plenteous *wine*? In much wine is much distraction, therefore trouble. Or shall my wiser heart search out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much wisdom is much grief; and who encreaseth knowledge encreaseth trouble. Whom shall I call to aid? To whom shall I address my sad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they disclaim me: Call to my *friends*, and they deride me. O that I had the wings of a Dove, that I might flie away and be at rest. But whither wouldst thou flie?

His Deliverance.

Flie from thy self, my soul, and haste thee to that voice that says,

Psal. 50. 15.

Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee.

His Proofs:

Pfal. 91. 15.

HE shall call upon me, and I will answer him ;
I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver
him and honour him.

Pfal. 54. 7.

He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and mine
eyes have seen their desire upon mine enemies.

2 Cor. 1. 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may
be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by
the comfort whereby we our selves are comforted of
God.

Phil. 81. 7.

Thou calledst to me in trouble, and I delivered thee :
I answered thee in the secret place of thunder.

Greg. Mag.

It is the work and providence of God's secret coun-
sel, that the days of the Elect : should be troubled
in their pilgrimage. This present life is the way
to our long home : God therefore in his secret wis-
dom afflicts our travel with continual trouble, lest
the delight of our journey might take away the de-
sire of our journey's end.

Bernard.

This life is replenish'd with so many evils, that
death is rather a remedy than a punishment :
God therefore hath made it short, that seeing the
troubles thereof cannot be removed from us, we
may the sooner be removed from them.

His Soliloquy.

BE wise, my Soul, and what thou canst not remedy, *endure*. Doth the *World* trouble thee? Cling close to him that hath overcome the World. Doth the *Flesh* trouble thee? Mortifie the Flesh in thy members. Doth the *Devil* trouble thee? Resist the Devil, and he will flee from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *Abundance*? Be not too careful for to *tomorrow*. Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adversity*? Be contented with the Bread of to *day*. Doth *Sickness* trouble thee? Make use of it, and submit. Doth strength of constitution trouble thee with *Concupiscence*? *Fast* and *pray*. In thy vocation art thou troubled with *Vexation*? Let those *vexations* wean thee from the World. Is thy devotion troubled with *Distractions*? Let those *distractions* bring thee closer to thy God. Do *Losses* trouble thee? Make *Godliness* thy gain. Do *Crosses* trouble thee? Make the *Cross* thy Meditation. Thus whilst thou strugglest against the *Stream* of Nature, thou shalt be carried with a gale of Grace; and when thy strength shall fail thee, a stronger arm shall strengthen thee. He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with conquest. Do what thou canst, and pray for what thou canst not.

His Prayer.

O God that art the searcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquity, the comforter of all true penitents, whose ways are inscrutable, whose judgments are intolerable, whose mercy is incomprehensible; I thy *afflicted* suppliant, sensible of thy displeasure, bewail the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my own Conscience and thy *fatherly corrections*: which way soever I look I see nothing but sin and death, nothing but misery. But, Lord, so infinite is thy mercy above my sin, and so little pleasure takest thou in the destruction of a sinner, that thou hast commanded me to call upon thee in my *trouble*, and hast promised to hear me. In due obedience therefore to thy sweet Command, and in firm confidence of thy gracious Promise, my benighted Knees, O God, present thee with a broken Heart. Thy sacrifices, O God, are a contrite spirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise. Lord, I am weak, strengthen me with thy Grace; Mine enemies are strong, weaken them with thy power; Suppress the cares of the World that so *oppress* me; subdue the exorbitances of the Flesh that so *molest* me; curb the insolencies of the Devil that so *afflict* me; endue my arm with power, and arm my heart with *patience*. Make haste, O God, to hear me; make speed, O Lord, to help me. Break not thy Covenant with thy servant,

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O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered. Remember thy promise to the son of thy Handmaid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble. I call to thee in the time of my distress: deliver me, O God, according to thy Word. Consider, O Lord, I am but dust: O magnifie thy power in my weakness. Remember, O God, that I have been long *afflicted*: O magnifie thy mercy in my deliverance: For in death there is no remembrance of thee, and in the grave what tongue can praise thee? My bones are *vexed*, and my soul is troubled; but thou, O Lord, how long? how long? Behold my griefs, for they are great: Regard my *troubles*, for they are many. Quicken my soul for thy Name's sake, and bring me out of all my troubles; then shall my soul rejoyce in thy salvation, and magnifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Aug.

No servant of Christ is without affliction. If you expect to be free from persecution, you have not yet so much as begun to be a Christian.

S. Paul.

Through many tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of God.

The Deserted man's Misery.

When I consider but the goodness of my God in offering his gracious favours to me, and my own vileness in refusing of such gracious offers, I cannot chuse but wonder at his mercy, in that I live, and am not snatch'd away from the possibility of *Repentance*. But ah! what comfort is a life that is branded with the *mark* of death? And what happiness is this *possibility* of *Repentance*, which hath no strength to actuate it but thy own? My soul, in what a case art thou? Into what a miserable estate art thou reduced? Thou hast forsaken thy God, and I fear thy God hath forsaken thee. Methinks I want the glory of that *Sun* that once revived me; methinks I lack the Comfort of those *dreams* that once refresh'd me: methinks I fear where no fear is, and where I most should fear, I find my self no whit afraid. Those heavenly *Raptures* which heretofore surprized my ravish'd soul, have now no relish in my drowsie ear: Those heart-confounding Judgments whose very whispers in former times would split my soul in sunder, now move not if they thunder: Those sinful thoughts that prest my soul like Mil-stones, can now be acted and reacted without a sigh: Those heavenly *Prophets* whose presence filled me with delight, now trouble not my patience with

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their absence. My heart is a lump of *dead flesh*, my soul is stricken with a *dead palsy*, my affections with a *Lethargie*. My zeal is frozen, my faith is *bed-ridden*, my charity is dead, and my greatest grief is that I cannot grieve. The *mark of Cain* is upon me, and I fear that every beast that meets me will devour me. O my soul, what comfort can remain with thee, when the God of comfort hath forsaken thee? What *safety* canst thou find, when thou hast lost the God of peace? What would I not forgo, that I might re-obtain my God? What pleasure would I not abjure, that I might regain his gracious pleasure?

His Comfort.

Chear up, my soul; who gives thee a heart to desire, will likewise give thee thy *heart's desire*. Let not his seeming absence dismay thee: The sense of his absence is the *Symptom* of his presence. Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy despair, which saith,

Isa. 54. 7.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.

His Proofs.

Deut. 4. 31.

THE Lord thy God is a merciful God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the Covenant of thy fathers, which he swore unto them.

2 Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Josh. 1. 5.

I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

Nehem. 9. 31.

For thy great mercies sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them; for thou art a gracious and a merciful God.

Ambr.

Let no man despair; let none conscious of his old sins make himself incapable of divine grace: For God knows how to change his sentence, if man endeavours to forsake his sin.

Bernard.

When-ever thou feelest the burthen of temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in all extremities; and say, Lord, save us, for we perish. This keeper never sleeps nor slumbers; though for a time he seems afar off, fear not, he will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

His

His Soliloquy.

IF thy *breath*, O my soul, fail thee but a minute, thou diest; if thy *health* forsake thee awhile, thou languishest; if thy *sleep* leave thee, thou art distempered: No wonder if thy God withdraws, that thou art troubled. Deject not, O my soul, nor let thy thoughts despair. Stay thee with his Promises, and comfort thee with his Mercies. Dost thou mourn for him? Thou shalt be *comforted* in him. Dost thou thirst after him? Thou shalt be *filled* with him. He that suffers not a *cup* of cold *water* for his sake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Tear* for his love to be unregarded. He withdraws to sharpen thy desire: He seems lost to *inflame* the seeker: He forsakes thee awhile, that he may be thine for ever. Thou wantest him, because thou desirest him: Thou desirest him, because thou lovest him: Thou couldest not love him had he not first loved thee, and whom he loves he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath sent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee: if thou hast lost him by thy sin, seek him by true Repentance: and if thou find him by thy Prayers, entertain him with thy Thanksgiving.

His Prayer.

O God, without the *Sun-shine* of whose gracious eye the creature sits in *darkness* and the shadow of *death*, whose presence is the very life and true *delight* of those that love thee, cast down thy eyes of pity upou a *lost sheep* of *Israel*, which hath wandred from thy *Fold* into the *Desart* of his own *Lust*. What dangers can I chuse but meet, that have run my self out of thy *Protection*? What *Sanctuary* can secure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forsaken thee the God of comfort and consolation? Return thee, O great *Shepherd* of my soul, and with thy *Crook* reduce me to thy *Fold*. Thou art my *way*, conduct me: Thou art my *light*, direct me: Thou art my *life*, quicken me. Disperse these *Clouds* of sins that stand betwixt thy angry face and my benighted soul. Remove that cursed *bar* which my *Rebellion* hath set betwixt thy deafned Ear and my confused Prayers: and let thy comfortable *beams* reflect upon me. Leave me not, O God, unto my self: O Lord, forsake me not too long: for in me dwells nothing but despair, and the terrors of Hell have taken hold of me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart of stone, and give me, O good God, a heart of flesh; that it may be capable of thy mercies, and sensible of thy
judg-

judgments. Plant in my heart a fear of thy name, and deliver my soul from carnal security. Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou lovest, and hate what thou hatest. Kindle my zeal with a coal from thine Altar, and encrease my faith by the assurance of thy love. O holy fire, that always burnest and never goest out, kindle me: O sacred light, that always shinest and art never dark, illuminate me. O sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the shafts of thy love, that it may burn and melt, and languish with the only desire of thee. Let it always desire thee, and seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee. Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions; that both my thoughts, my words and my actions being sanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

S. Chrys.

To suffer patiently is a greater gift than to raise the dead.

Mat. 26. 41.

Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

The Humble man's Depression.

OW more than happy are those
 sons of men that measure no
 further ground than from the
 sacred *Font* unto their peaceful
Grave! How blessed are those
 Infants which never lived to taste those dear-
 bought *peny-worths* of deceitful earth! Alas!
 there is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of plea-
 sure-gilded *grief*; here is nothing but substan-
 tial *sorrows*, clothed in the shades of false de-
 light. Look where I list, there is nothing can
 appear before my eye but sorrow, the lamen-
 table object of my misery: contemplate where
 I list, here is nothing can present my thoughts
 but *Misery*, the object of my mourning. My
 soul is a sparkle of *divine fire*, but quench'd
 with *lust*; an *Image* of my glorious Creator,
 but blurr'd with *sin*; a parcel of mortal im-
 mortality, reserv'd for *death*. My *understanding*
 is darkned with *error*; my *judgment* is per-
 verted with *partiality*; my *will* is diverted with
sensuality. My *memory*, like a sieve, retains the
Bran, and lets the flower pass: my *affections*
 are aguish to *good*, and feavourish to *evil*; my
faith wavers; my *hope* tires; my *charity* free-
 zes: my *thoughts* are vain, my *words* are idle,
 my *actions* sinful. My *body* is a *Tabernacle* of
 grief, an *Hospital* of *Diseases*, a tenement
 of *Death*, a sepulchre of a sinful *Soul*. O my
 soul, how canst thou own thy self with-
 out

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out *dejection*, that canst not view thy self without *corruption*? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears; a lump of Earth, quickned with a span of life? Thy life is short and evil; truly miserable, because evil; only happy, because short. When thou endeavourest *good*, thy heart faints: when thou strugglest with *evil*, thy strength fails. For this my soul is humbled, and my spirits are depressed: For this I loath my self, and view my misery with indignation.

His Exaltation.

But cheer up, my soul, and let not thy thoughts be over-pressed. The *Ball* that is thrown against the ground rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace. Art thou humbled? fear not: Dost thou fear? despair not: Dost thou despair? persist not. Heark what the God of truth hath said,

Luke 14. 11.

He that is humble shall be exalted.

S. Ambros. in hexaemer. de Virg. lib. 3.

The Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed, which do seal up our hearts unto the service and love of God, are daily to be repeated every Morning.

His Proofs.

Prov. 29. 23.

A Man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

1 Pet. 5. 6.

Humble your selves under the mighty Hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job 22. 29.

When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, there is lifting up; and God shall save the humble person.

Cassiod.

By humility the Members of Christ know how to overcome the pride of the Devil. By this the faithful command: By this tyranny is conquered: By this the Martyrs are crowned. Neither can there be a perfection of vertue, where there is a defect of humility.

S. August.

The Kingdom is glorious, the way to it lieth low: Wilt thou desire thy journeys end, and yet refuse the way?

Ambr.

Humility, by not seeking, obtains what it contemns.

His

His Soliloquy.

ALL virtues, as well *Theological* as *Moral*, are besieged with two vices: *Humility*, the fundamental of all virtues, is not exempted. Some puffed up with their own lowliness, grow proud because humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperistasis*; this is *spiritual pride*: Others taking too single a view of their own corruptions, and more sensible of the disease than of the remedy, are cast into despondency of mind; and this is called *dejection*. The first froths up into *presumption*; the second settles down into a *despair*. How canst thou, O my soul, in this Tempest escape this *Scylla*, or avoid that *Charybdis*? Dost thou fear the tossing waves? contract thy *sails*. Fearest thou the *quick-sands*? use thy *Compass*. He that stills the waves will assist thee; he that commands the Sea will advise thee. Look not only on thy *Load-stone*, for then thou wilt not see thy *danger*; nor only on thy *misery*, for then thou wilt not be sensible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *humility* puff thee up, thou art not fit for mercy: If *Dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my soul, to God's mercy, so as thou mayest be sensible of thy own *misery*; and so look down on thine own misery, as thou mayest be capable of God's mercy.

His Prayer.

ETernal God, who scatterest the proud in the Imagination of their hearts, and givest Grace to the humble and contrite *spirit*; bow down thy gracious ear to me vile dust and ashes, whose misery thus casts it self before thy mercy. Lord, I am ashamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition. I am not an object for mine own eyes without disdain, nor a subject for my own thoughts without contempt: yet am I bold to prostrate my vile self before thy glorious eyes, and to present my sinful prayers before thy gracious ears. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my misery, I could look for no compassion; and if thy grace transcended not my sin, I could expect nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me that have made my self far less than nothing. Revive those sparkles in my soul which lust hath quench'd: Cleanse thine image in me, which my sin hath blurr'd; Enlighten my understanding with thy Truth: Rectifie my judgment with thy word: Direct my will with thy Spirit: Strengthen my memory to retain good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things. Encrease my faith; Encourage my hope; Quicken my charity; Sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace; Season my words with thy Spirit; Sanctifie my actions with thy Wisdom; Subdue the Insolence of my

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my rebellious flesh; restrain the fury of my unbridled passions; reform the frailty of my corrupted nature: Encline my heart to desire what is good, and bless my endeavours that I may do what I desire. Give me a true knowledge of my self, and make me sensible of mine own infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve; that I may be truly thankful for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keep me from despair, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude; that being timely quickened with the sense of thy goodness, and truly humbled by the sight of mine own weakness, I may be here *exalted* by the vertue of thy grace, and hereafter *advanced* to the Kingdom of thy glory.

S. Bern.

Wherefore should not man greatly humble himself under a God of so great humility?

Mat. 5. 9.

Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.

The Sinner's Confess.



When *Sin* entred into the World, *Death* followed. The Scripture tells me of two deaths, the first and the second, this *spiritual*, that *natural*: the first, a *separation* of the body and the soul, and is *temporal*; the second, a *separation* of the body and soul from the favour of God, and is *eternal*: the first is *terrible*, the second *intolerable*. If the first death so terrified the Lord of *life*, how terrible will the second be to me the 'child of *death*? If every trivial grief disturbs my thoughts, if every petty sickness distempers my body, if the very thought of death dismays my soul, how horrible will death it self appear? O when the silver *Cord* shall be dissolved, the golden *Bowl* demolish'd, the *Pitcher* at the *Fountain* broken, the *Cistern*-wheels stopt, how will the whole *universe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every man that hath been, is, and shall be, a death as oft repeated as the *Sea-shore* hath sands, all this were nothing to a minutes torment of the *second* death. O treacherous and soul-destroying *sin*, how hast thou thus betrayed me to eternal death by thy false, momentary and deceitful *pleasures*? How hast thou bewitch'd me with flattering smiles, and with thy counterfeit delights thus tickled me to death? Thou hast not only deprived me of a transitory

life,

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life, but led me into the hideous jaws of an everlasting *death*. Thou hast not only divorced my miserable soul from her beloved body, but separated both soul and body from the *favours* of my *God*, and left them to the insufferable *torments* of *eternity*. O my soul, can thy life be less than *miserable*, which being ended is transported to so infinite a misery? How can thy death be less than *terrible*, which opens the Gates to such eternal torments? What wilt thou do? Or whither wilt thou flee? Thy *actions* cannot save thee, nor thy *flight* secure thee. *Death* is thy enemy, who taking the advantage of thy *lusts*, hath strengthened it self through thy *weakness*.

His Conquest.

Repair to thy colours, O my soul, the Lord of life is thy General: He hath toil'd thy enemy and disarm'd him. Stand fast: He is conquered, if thou strive to conquer. Hark what thy General saith;

Revel. 2. 11.

He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.

S. Chrys. de orando Deum.

I cannot but admire and wonder at the great love of God towards man, for vouchsafing him so high an honour, as familiarity to speak unto him by prayer.

Her Proofs.

Rev. 2. 7.

TO him that overcometh I will give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

Rev. 3. 21.

To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my Throne; even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his Throne.

Rev. 2. 17.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this World for the reward of a better, to condemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

Hieron. in Epist.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

Savonar.

If there be no enemy, no fight: if no fight, no victory: if no victory, no crown.

His

His Soliloquy.

OUR life is a *warfare*, and every Christian is two *Soldiers*. The Army consists of good and evil motions; these under the conduct of the flesh, those under the command of the spirit. The two *Generals*, God and the Devil: the Field the Heart: the Word, on the one side, *Glory*, on the other side, *Pleasure*: the reward of both *Eternity*; on that side, of *happiness*, on this side, of *torment*. How is thy heart, O my soul, like *Rebecca's womb*? How do two *Nations* strive within thee? Chear up, take courage in the *Reward* that is set before thee. So fight, that thou mayest *conquer*; so run, that thou mayest *obtain*. Let not the *policy* of the *Enemy* dismay thee, nor thine own *fewness* disanimate thee. *Advance* therefore, O my dull soul; *fear* not the fiery *darts* of Satan, nor be afraid of his *Arrow* that flies by night. Press towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit resist to *Bloud*. Take courage from thy *cause*: thou fightest for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takest up arms against his *Enemy*, and thy rebellious *Lusts*. Is thy *Enemy* too potent? *fear* not. Art thou besieged? *faint* not. Art thou routed? *flie* not. Call aid, and thou shalt be *strengthened*: *Petition*, and thou shalt be *relieved*: *Pray*, and thou shalt be *recruited*.

His Prayer.

O God to whom belong the issues of death, at whose terrible Name the very Foundation of my Soul trembles, I a poor convicted sinner, accused by my own Conscience, and ready to be condemned by thy justice, do here, in the very wounding of my heart, confess my self a miserable creature. I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy; and where shall I find that mercy but in my merciful Redeemer? Blessed Redeemer, that hast promised victory to those that *strive*, and life to those that *overcome*, teach thou my hands to war, and my fingers to fight. Give me a loyal heart, that the inticements of the World may not seduce it; Give me a constant spirit, that the pleasures of the Flesh may not intice it; Give me a wise fore-cast, that the subtilty of the Devil may not entrap me. Let not the multitude of mine enemies *discourage* me, nor the greatness of their powers *dismay* me, nor the weakness of my arm *dishearten* me. Thou that gavest little *Israel* victory against great *Pharaoh*, strengthen me; Thou that gavest little *David* the day against great *Goliath*, succour me; Thou that gavest single *Sampson* conquest against the numerous *Philistines*, save me. Lord, fight against them that fight against my soul. Arise, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded. Lord, shield me from the fury of my own corruptions, for they are many; Deliver me from

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the imaginations of my own heart, for they are evil, and that continually. Let not the frailty of my youth beset me, and keep me from the danger of my secret sins. Double my watchfulness upon my *Dalilah*, that is so apt to kiss me and betray me. Without thy grace I have no will to strive, no power to stand, no hope to conquer. Sustain me, that I may not faint; Second me, that I may not flie; Strengthen me, that I may not yield. Gird my loyns with Truth, and let my breast-plate be thy Righteousness; that putting on the Helmet of salvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a *Crown* of glory; that having past the terrors of the first death, I may escape the torments of the second, and triumph with thee in the Kingdom of glory.

S. Cyprian.

For why were we lifted into the bands of his militia, if we look for nothing but peace, and do shun and refuse the difficulties of his service?

Anonym.

If we do but resist, we have overcome; and cannot be conquered but by our own treachery.

Sion's Decay.



DOst ask me, Why so sad? Or can my sorrow be thy wonder? Canst thou or can thy eye expect a *Sun-shine* where the greater *Lamp* of Heaven is eclipsed? or can my soul be frolick when the *Vineyard* of my heart is blasted? Can the *children* of the *Bride-chamber* chuse but hang their heads, to see the *Bridegroom* slighted, and the *Bride's* lovely cheeks profaned with every peasant hand? Can poor affrighted *Lambs* wanton and frisk upon the pleasant plains, whenas their worried *Mothers* tremble at the *Quest* of every *Cur*? What *member* can rejoyce, whenas the *body* is dismembred? *Sion* the *glory* of Heaven, is darkned, and her bright beams obscured. *Sion*, the *Vineyard* of our souls, is blasted, and her *clusters* are grown sour. *Sion*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer, is defiled, her bloud-wash'd *Robes* are sullied and flubbered. *Sion*, the *Mistress* of our Flocks, is over-powered, and her tender *Lambs* have no protection. *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous breasts are dry. *Sion*, the glorious Corporation of the *Elect*, is factious in it self, and her *Members* are disjoynted. Ah! how can my distressed soul find rest, when *Sion* the rest of my distressed soul is oppress'd? How many of her dearest children are now tugging at the slavish yoke of *Infidels*? How many roaring under the

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imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*? How many banished from their *native soils*, and driven from their usurped *possessions*? This *Vine* which Heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed, her Fences broken, her Hedge trodendown; her body torn by *Schismaticks*, cankered with *Hereticks*, blasted with fiery *Spirits*; her Branches rent with the wild *Boar*, her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*. Her *Shepherds* are turned *Wolves*, and have devoured her *Flocks*. Confusion is within her *walls*, and desolation is near unto her *gates*. O *Jerusalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.

Her Defence.

But heark, I hear a heavenly voice whispering glad tidings in my ear, which saith,

Isa. 27. 3.

I the Lord do keep it, and will water it.

S. Ambros.

The Catholick Church is always vested with the garments of Christ, and therefore ever under his protection.

Her Proofs.

Psal. 69. 35.

The Lord will save Sion, and will build the
Cities of Juda; that they may dwell there,
and have it in possession.

Psal. 87. 5.

Of Sion it shall be said, This and that man was
born in her: and the Highest himself shall esta-
blish her.

Isa. 14. 32.

The Lord hath founded Sion, and the poor of his
people shall trust in it.

Isa. 12. 6.

Cry out and shout thou inhabitant of Sion, for great
is the Holy one of Israel in the midst of thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. in divers.

O holy Lord, how happy are they that trust in thee!
It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all those
that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust
in thee. For behold, thy Love sought thee, and
undoubtedly found thee. She trusted in thee, and
she is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more
by thee than she expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what
reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth
so sweet a saying. For their presence, reverence;
for their good will, love; for their tuition, con-
fidence.

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Her Soliloquy.

WH O is not interested in the *miseries* of *Sion*? What sadness may not be justified in her *calamity*? O my soul, thou mayest here spend thy self in holy passion, and dissolve thy self in tears: But yet be wisely sad; let not thy tears exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy grief exclude thy hope. Mourn not for the *Bride*, as if the *Bridegroom* were not; or being, had no power; or having power, wanted *will*; or having will, were like thy self *forgetful*. No, no, my soul, he that suffers her to suffer, will *sustain* her in her sufferance and *Crown* her sufferings; When she is persecuted, she *prosper*s; when she is oppress'd, she *flourishes*; in her contempt she gains *honour*; in her wounds, *victories*; in her reproach, *credit*; in her patience, a *Crown*; and with her *Crown* of *thorns*, a *Crown* of *glory*. Can she be more like her *Bridegroom* than in *affliction*? Can she more resemble her *Husband* than in *persecution*? Remember, O my soul, she is a plant of his right hands planting, and who can pluck it up? Fear not, this *Vine* must prosper in spite of *opposition*. Yet know, my soul, thou shalt not prosper, nor see good days, unless thou wish *prosperity* to *Jerusalem*, and pray for *Peace* in *Sion*.

The Prayer.

O God, that art the beauty of *Sion*, and the glory of thy *Jerusalem*, and the joy of thine elect, behold the mangled body of thy distressed Church; relieve the miseries of her distempered members. She is our *Lamp*; illuminate her with thy glory; She is thy *Vine*, O fructify her with thy grace; She is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love; She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power; She is our *Body*, rectify her with thy health; We are her *members*, sanctify us with thy righteousness. Let not the malice of Satan discourage her: Let not the counsels of the wicked disturb her: Let not the gates of Hell prevail against her. Give verity in her doctrine, unity in her self, uniformity in her discipline, universality in her progress: Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild Boar. Bless all such as love her; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy justice. Let her appear to be thy daughter, and let the King's daughter be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy Ark, and let Dagon fall down before her. Purge her from error, heresie, ignorance and superstition; and being purged, O take thou pleasure in her beauty. Behold her Branches which suffer for thy name and give them deliverance or patience. Let no weapon that is formed against thy Church prosper, and let all tongues that speak against her.

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her be confounded. Let her gates be always open, and glorifie the house of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy justice to the King, and thy righteousness to the Kings Son. Season thy Seminaries with thy truth; and bless the house of *Levi*, and bless the house of *Aaron*. Turn thy countenance to thy first love, the *Jews*; and take not thy Candlestick from thy chosen, the *Gentiles*: that having one Shepherd, we may be one *Flock*; and having one faith, we may be one *Church*; and having one heart to please thee, we may have one voice to praise thee, here *militant* in the Kingdom of Grace, and hereafter *triumphant* in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Cyprian.

He cannot have God to be his Father, who owns not the Church as his Mother.

S. Ambros.

Arise therefore, run to the Church: there is the Father, there is the Son, there is the Holy Ghost.

The Mourner's Calamity.


EOR Stoicism to rejoyce at *Funerals* and lament at *Births* of men, is more absonant to *Nature* than to *Reason*. Too self-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her self on any terms; but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill-peny-worth purchased on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knows himself a *Man*, needs seek no further for a cause to mourn: For what is man but a Sampler of *weakness*, the spoil of *Time*, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconstancy*, the balance of *Calamity*? and what besides, but *Phlegm* and *Choler*? His *Birth* is a painful coming into the World; his *life* a sinful continuance in the World; his *death* a dreadful going out of the World. His *Birth* brings him into the shop of sin; his *Childhood* binds him Apprentice to sin; his *Youth* makes him free in sin; his *full Age* trades in sin; his *old Age* breaks him; his last *sickness* arrests him, and *Death* casts him into Prison. The pleasure he takes is to displease his God; his *business* is to disturb his Neighbour; his *study* is to destroy himself: his best labour is but *vanity*, and the fruit of that labour is *vexation of spirit*. His mirth is a *short madness*, his sorrow a long torment, his recreation a formal *Antick*, his devotion an *antick formality*: his course of life is a *Quotidian ague*, whose cold fits are *sloth* and *charity*,

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charity, whose hot fits are *wrath* and *concupiscence*; his *pleasures* are but *airy shadows* to beguile him; his *honours* are but *frothy pleasures* to betray him; his *profit* is but *golden fetters* to beslave him, the effect whereof is *sin*, the end whereof is *death*. In brief, he that would learn to be a *Mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my soul, is this the *pleasure* that this *World* promises? Is this that *happiness* that this great *promiser* affords? Had man no hopes of greater happiness than Earth can give, how more unhappy were he than a beast! What happiness can counterpoise his *sorrows*? What mirth can countervail his *miser*y? What comfort is there in this *House of Mourning*? Where then shall I repose my trust? On whom shall my crush'd hopes rely?

His Consolation.

Darest thou believe the word of Truth?
Heark what the word of Truth hath said,

Mat. 5. 4.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

His Proofs.

Pfal. 119. 76.
This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word
 hath quickned me.

Isa. 61. 2.
 Proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the
 day of vengeance, to comfort all that mourn.

Jer. 31. 13.
 I will turn their mourning into joy, and will
 comfort them, and make them rejoice from their
 sorrow.

Pfal. 71. 20, 21.
 Thou which hast shewed me great and sore trou-
 bles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring
 me up again from the depth of the Earth: Thou
 shalt encrease my greatness, and comfort me on
 every side.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 23.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before
 mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Ju-
 stice and the light of truth: But, Lord, thou
 art my God, who hast led me from darkness and
 the shadow of death; hast called me into this
 glorious light, and behold, I see.

Kemp. lib. 3. cap. 50.

There is none under Heaven that can comfort me,
 but thou my Lord God, the Heavenly Physician
 of souls, that strikest and healest, bringest into
 Hell and drawest out again.

His

His Soliloquy.

Misery is the badge of *mortality*, and mortality the *lot* of man. He that views himself impartially, needs seek no subject for a tear; yet, O my soul, hadst thou not seen thine own *misery*, how more miserable hadst thou been! Hadst thou been hood-winkt, to thy *corruptions*, hadst thou been blind to thine *infirmities*, had thy filth been painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redress been block'd up; How hadst thou stumbled at thy *self*, and fallen at thine own *destruction*! O my soul, it is a great part of *safety*, to see a danger; a good step towards *health*, to discover the disease; a fair progress towards *happiness*, to behold thine own misery. But *Evils* discovered, and no more, grow *sharper* by the discovery. He only *uses* a *fore seen danger*, that endeavours to *avoid* it: He *profits* by a discovered disease, that labours to *amend* it: He takes *benefit* by *perceived misery*, that strives to *eschew* it. Being fairly *warn'd*, my soul, be thou as strongly arm'd. Dost thou plead *weakness*? be courageous, and thou shalt be *victorious*. Does *sadness* cool thy courage? be patient, and thou shalt be *comforted*: remember thou art militant. Dost thou find thy self *timorous*? strengthen thy self with *resolution*. Dost thou find thy self *spent*? fortifie thy self by *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God that hearest the *sighing* of a contrite heart, and bottlest up the tears of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious ear and hear the torments of a *grieved* breast. Look on my *tears*, and read in them what my closed lips are even ashamed to utter. Thou madest me free, but I have lost my freedom By my rebellion. Thou madest me like thyself, but I have blurred thine image by my sin: Thou madest me clean and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions: Thou madest me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy dishonour: Thou madest me a Man, but I have made my self a worm, and no man: Lord, I see the *misery* of my own condition, and without thy mercy I am worse than nothing: But thou art gracious, and of great compassion, and thy Truth endures from Generation to Generation. Lord, thou hast promised *joy* to those that *grieve*, and *comfort* to them that *mourn*: In full assurance of thy gracious promise, upon my bended knees I humbly sue for thy seasonable performance. Strengthen me, that I may endure this nights *sorrow*, and let the joy of thy good Spirit *cheer* me in the *morning*. Let me not *grieve* like those that go into the pit, nor let my *mourning* be like theirs that have no hope. Let not the vain comforts of the world please me, nor the dead pleasures of the earth rejoyce me. Make
me

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me a willing Prisoner to my grief, until thou please to shew thy self the God of consolation. Sanctifie my sorrows to me, and direct my mourning to the right object. Open the flood-gates of mine eyes, that I may weep bitterly for my offences. Dissolve my head into a tide of tears, that thou mayest wash away the filth of my corruptions. Let nothing stop the current but the assurance of thy love; and let my furrowed cheeks be dried in the Sun-shine of thy favour. Accept, O God, of this wet sacrifice of tears, and let my groaning be a peace-offering for my trespasses. Look at thy right hand, and for his sake that sits there, grant these my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promise and his merits; that my sad soul being relieved by thy mercy, may receive endless comfort, and thy Name eternal Glory.

S. Greg.

To consider what dolours deserve to be made the punishment of disobedience, will much abate those sorrows that we have for any affliction.

S. Paul.

For these light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for us a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

The Serpent's Subtily.

What miserable dignity belongs un-
to the honourable name of man?
What sad Prerogatives pertain
to that unhappy Generation of
Mankind! Ah! what is Man
but a polluted lump of living clay, a little heap
of self-corrupted earth, created to happiness,
born to sorrow? And what is Mankind but a
transitory succession of misery, on whom Mor-
talitv is generally entail'd from Generation to
Generation? Each particular man is the short
and sad story of Mankind, written by his own
dear experience in a more favourable style,
wherein every one is naturally inclined to
spare himself, and hide his nakedness among
the shades, where being lost, he seeks himself
unsound, or finds himself unknown, or knows
himself most miserable. The Devil appeared
not as a Lion; strength could not constrain an
upright soul. He appeared not as a Dragon;
fear could not compel a dauntless Spirit. But
he appeared a Serpent, to insinuate and creep
into the bosom of his soft affections. How
often is this story acted by me the miserablest
of Adam's sons? Behold how the forbidden
Tree of vain delights stands laden with her plea-
sant fruits. See how the Serpent twists and
winds, and tempts the weaker vessel of my
body, which having yielded, tastes and tempts
my better part. Which done, what nakedness,
what

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what shame presents before my guilty eyes?
 What slight excuses (patch'd like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakedness, my shame?
 And when the voice of my crying conscience calls me in the cool of my lust, O how I start, and tremble, and seek for covers among the Trees? where being found at last and questioned, my soul accuses the *infirmity* of my body, my body accuses that *Serpentine temptation*; so that all three being partners in *sin*, are sad partakers of the *punishment*. Thus every minute, O my soul, art thou *surprized*; thus every moment doth this twisting *Serpent* tempt and overcome thy *frailty*; thus every minute are eternal deaths still multiplied upon thee. What hopes hast thou in thy *collapsed* estate to overcome that *Serpent* which *Adam* in his *perfection* did not conquer?

His Defeat.

Chear up, my soul, there is a *Champion* found shall curb this *Serpents* power, and Heaven hath spoke it.

Gen. 3. 15.

The seed of the woman shall break the Serpents head.

His Proofs.

Rom. 16. 20.

AND the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

1 Joh. 3. 8.

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil.

Rev. 17. 14.

He shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome him.

Ephes. 6. 16.

Above all things take the shield of Faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Chrysoſt. super Mat.

He forced him not ; he touched him not ; only said, Cast thy self down : that we may know, whoſoever obeyeth the Devil, casteth himself down : for the Devil may suggest, compel he cannot.

Bern. in Serm.

It is the Devils part to suggest ; Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so oft we overcome him ; so often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who proposeth us, that we may contend ; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

His

His Soliloquy.

MAN by the power of the transcendent *Good*, was created *good*, with a power to continue *good*. Man through disobedience lost this power, and that arbitrary *goodness* is turned to necessary *evil*. The whole *Mass* is *corrupted*, and lies in the same condition it made it self: but *God* out of an unsearchable love to his *Creature*, out of his infinite *Wisdom* (not violating his *Justice*) found a way to exercise his *mercy*; drawing what handfuls he pleased (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this *lump*, the rest he left to it self. As it had been no *injustice* in *God* to leave the whole in the perdition it had cast it self, so it was an inscrutable *mercy* to draw out some part out of that self-made *perdition*. This *Redemption*, O my soul, was a *Legacy* given at the death of thy *Redeemer*; and thy business is to search the *Will*, and in it thy *interest*. But where is that *Will*? Search the *Scriptures*. But how shall it appear by searching? By the fruit thou shalt know the Tree. Examine thy heart. Dost thou find there a love to *God* for his own *sake*, and a love to thy Neighbour for *God's sake*, and to both for *obedience sake*? Go thy ways, thou art in the *Will*; and the seed of the woman hath broke the Serpent's head.

His Prayer.

O God, that didst create mankind for the *glory* of thy holy Name, and redeemedst Man being lost with the blood of thy only Son, and hast preserved him by thy free mercy and continual providence; I, a poor son of miserable *Adam*, do here acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy mercies. Lord, what am I, that thou should'st look upon me? and what is the son of thy handmaid, that thou should'st think upon him? I know the best of all my actions are unclean, and these my very prayers are abomination in thy sight: My thoughts, my words, nay the whole course of my life is *sin*, and there is nothing in me which deserves not *death*. Yet, Lord, even for the Altars sake on which I offer up this sinful sacrifice, loath not the Prayers of my polluted lips, or stop thy ears against my sad complaints. Lord, I am as vile as *sin* can make me, and deserve what curse thy *wrath* can lay upon me. I brought *corruption* from the womb, and suck'd *Rebellion* from the very breast. My life is nothing but a *Trade* of sin, wherein I hourly heap unto my self wrath against the day of wrath: insomuch that wert thou not more merciful to me than I am or can be to my self, I had been now roaring under thy *justice*, that am here begging for thy *mercy*. Lord, I am nothing but *infirmity*, and daily wallow in my own *corruptions*. The old
Serpent

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Serpent continually *besieges* me, and the feebleness of my *old man* cannot *resist* him. Arise, O God, and crush thy enemy and mine, whose fury through my confusion aims at thy dishonour. Let the *seed of the woman* quicken in my soul, and strengthen my weakness to encounter with temptation. Let it, O let it *break the Serpents head*, that I may conquer for the time to come: and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grieve for the time past: give me water from the spring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death. Strengthen the *new man* in me, and let the power of the *old man* languish daily: that being confident in thy *promise*, I may be sensible of thy *performance*; and being freed by thy *power*, I may be filled with thy *praise*, and glorify thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Greg.

Holy Job was more Satans torture, than Satan was the others tempter.

S. Ambros.

It is necessary that the perverse sinner, whom the longanimity of the patience of God could not mend, should be tormented with eternal punishment.

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The Sinners Poverty.



Herein doth this my *natural* State excel a beast? In what one thing? Am I not worse? Their outward senses are more perfect; my inward senses are less pure. Their *natural* Instinct desires good, and chuses it; but my *perverted Will* sees good, and yet declines it. They eat being satisfied with *moderation*: perchance I *want*, or *surfeit*. They sleep secure from *fears* and *cares*, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to Heaven and are fed by *providence*; I, trusting to my self, want through my *Improvvidence*. The worthless Sparrows are lodg'd in their downy feathers; the silly Sheep reposed in their warm fleeces: but I have nothing to cover my *nakedness*, nothing to hide my *shame*. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my own, or if I have, it is lost with the desire of having. I look into my *Soul*, and can find nothing there but the absence of what I had, or the *defect* of what I want. I pry into my *Understanding*, and there I find nothing but *darkness*: I search into my *Will*, and there I find nothing but *perverseness*: I examine my *Affections*, and there I find nothing but *disorder*: I view my *disposition*, and there I find nothing but *distemper*. What I had I have not, and what I want

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want I cannot gain. If I have obtained any thing that is *good*, I quickly lose it, for want of *knowledge* how to prize it. If I find any *good* which I had *lost*, I keep it not, for want of *wisdom* how to *use* it. When I call my *conscience* to account, mine own soul is brib'd against me; and when I call my course of *life* to question, my frailties flatter me. If the *sense* of misery should force me to my forgotten prayers, I falter, and my *distraction* denies me *utterance*; or if my hopeful thoughts permit my formal lips to recommend my griefs to Heaven, my *guilt* despairs of *entrance*; or if a flash of *zeal* should wing my prayers, and dart them up into the Almighty's ears, my unrepented *sins* forbid them *audience*. Heavens *gates* are lock'd against me, and the *keys* are lost by my neglect. My *sighs* want strength to shoot the lock, nor can my stronger *groans* enforce the portals open.

His Relief.

Chear up, my soul, the keys are in a faithful hand, nor is the keeper far: Call him, and thou shalt hear him say,

Luke 11. 9.

Ask, and thou shalt have; seek, and thou shalt find; knock, and it shall be opened to thee.

His Proofs.

Mat. 7. 11.

If you, being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things unto them that ask him?

John 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee.

Mat. 21. 22.

All things whatsoever ye shall ask by prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask it of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

S. Bern.

It is easier that heaven and earth should pass, than if thou seek God, not to find him, or than if thou ask, not to receive, or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chrys. hom. 5. in epist. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ: having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universal reward.

His Soliloquy.

Canst thou, O my soul, wonder at thy wants, when thou wantest *Him* that is the only *supplier* of all wants? The *beast* performs his duty, and (made for thy service) *serves* thee; and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtains it. The *fowls* of the air (being pinched with hunger) carol forth their sweet *Hosannas* and are filled, and then return musical *Hallelujahs*. Canst thou, my soul, expect *supplies* like them, and use less means than they? Come, thou art worth many *sparrows* (were not five sold for a farthing?) The blood of Jesus is thy *price*, and for his sake all things are thine. Shall *beasts* for their own sakes be *supplied*, and shalt thou in the Name of Jesus be *denied*? Can a *Mother* pity the trickling tears of an unfed Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdured to thee? Art thou commanded to *ask*, *seek*, and *knock*, in vain? I, but my tongue is slow. Was not *Moses* the man of God so? When I *seek*, my *lust* diverts me, and I am lost. Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his lost sheep? But, alas! I *knock* at the *wrong* door. Fear not when thou knock'st with a right heart. He that is every where will be *found*; He that made the ear will *hear* thee.

His Prayer.

O God that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knowest what to give than I to ask, and withholdest no good thing from him that seeks thee with an upright heart, I a poor suiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly sensible of mine own defects, and timorously conscious of my evil deserts, do here even cast myself on thy gracious providence. And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded me to ask of thee the things I *want*, bow down thine ear, and hear the Prayers which a poor sinner, emboldned by thy promise, presents before thee, by whose free favour I have received whatsoever I have obtained, and by my own folly lost whatsoever I had received. Give me a clear sight of my own *poverty*; shew me the poverty of mine own *relief*; that so I may forsake the broken reed of my own *power*, and strengthen my weakness in the comfort of thy *promise*. Lord, thou hast commanded me to *ask*, but my sins cry louder than my suits: Thou hast commanded me to *seek*, but mine own guilt leads me the wrong way; Thou hast commanded me to *knock*, but Satan holds my hands. Lord, let the blood of my blessed Saviour stop the mouth of my crying *sins*; let his full satisfaction take away my guilt. Bind him in chains that captivates my *power*. Teach me to *ask* that hast commanded me to

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ask; Thou that hast commanded me to *seek*, direct me; and let my *knocking* be guided by thy hand. Give me knowledge, that I may *ask* what I should; grant me prudence, that I may *seek* where I should; give me providence, that I may *knock* when I should. Let not my faintness in *asking* teach thee to deny: Let not my foolishness in *seeking* tempt me to desist: Let not my unreasonableness in *knocking* strike me with despair. Give me a fervent Faith, that I may *ask* with confidence; a constant hope, that I may *seek* with courage; an unwearied patience, that I may *knock* with constancy. Let me *ask* like the importunate woman, till I obtain thee: Let me *seek* like thy blessed Mother, till I find thee: Let me *knock* like the sinful Publican, till thou open to me: that having *found* thee here by grace, in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in glory, with the Society of Angels.

S. Aug.

An evil Conscience cannot hope.

Idem.

*No praises heal an ill Conscience, nor does any rail-
lery wound a good one.*

Anonym.

*How can they want who have him that hath all
things?*

The Faithful man's Fear.



Do *this and live.* Some comfort yet remains : though life be not absolutely granted, yet death is but conditionally threatned. *Do this and live.* But what is the work that may deserve such wages ? Give perfect obedience to thy God, and perfect love to thy Neighbour. But will not the utmost of my power do ? Will not the best of my endeavour serve ? No, he that is perfect made thee perfect, and requires a *perfection*. Alas ! if life depends upon such terms, what flesh can live ? Thy inability for the work prophesies the impossibility of the reward. My soul, thou art become a legal debtor, and the utmost *satisfying* is expected. Thou canst neither pay thy *debt*, nor hide thee from thy Creditor. What wilt thou do ? Wilt thou plead *immunity* ? Thy own *band* will condemn thee. Wilt thou plead *payment* ? Thy own *poverty* will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *mercy* ? Thy own *rebellion* will dismay thee. My soul, what *security* wilt thou put in ? or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou flie ? O flatter not thy self, and put not the *evil day* from thee. Thou hast not only *not done what thou shouldest*, but thou *hast done what thou shouldest not*. Thou hast sinned against thy *Creation*, by disobeying thy Creator : Thou hast sinned against thy *Redemption*, by crucifying thy Redeemer : Thou hast

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finned against thy *Sanctification*, by quenching of the Spirit. Thou hast sinned against Gods *judgments*, by thy presumption: Thou hast sinned against his *mercies*, by thy despair: Thou hast sinned against thy *conscience*, by thy rebellion: Thou hast sinned against *Providence*, by thy distrust. Every day brings in an *Inventory* of thy *sins*, and every sin brings in a *Faggot* to thy *execution*. O my soul, behold the *misery* of thy estate, and tremble: Behold the *Mercies* of thy God, and wonder. Tremble, for he is a God to punish thine *iniquities*: Wonder, for he is become a Man to bear thy *iniquities*. Tremble, for thou art not able to do his *Commands*: Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canst do. Will not the frailty of thy flesh permit thee to do? let the faithfulness of thy heart encline thee to desire. Do what thou canst, and *Believe* what thou canst not.

His Crown.

Cheer up, my sad soul, for he that hath considered the frailty of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulness of thy heart; who faith,

Rev. 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.

His Proofs.

Mat. 25. 21.

WELL done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

So then, they that be of faith; are blessed with faithful Abraham. Gal. 3. 9.

2 Tim. 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.

Jam. 1. 12.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried he shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Bernard.

O only safe fight, which for and with Christ is undertaken! in which the Christian Souldier neither wounded; nor overthrown, nor troden under foot, no nor slain; can lose the victory, if he manfully stand to it, and do not betake himself to a shameful flight.

Aug. in Senten.

Whatsoever rageth against the Name of Christ is tolerable if it may be overcome; and if it cannot, it hasteneth the receiving of our glorious reward: for the faithful man in the end of his temporal evils passeth into the fruition of his eternal good.

His Soliloquy.

STand not, O my soul, upon the legs of a sinner, but flie into the arms of thy Saviour; and what thou canst not purchase by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe. Acknowledge thou thy debt, and thy Jesus will justify thy payment. Trust not in thy self, lest thou be deceived by thy self. Dost thou, O my soul, desire faith? Renounces thy self: Wouldst thou preserve thy faith? Condemn thy self. Thy way to faith is from thy self. Is thy soul dark? Faith enlightens it: Is the gate of Heaven shut? Faith unlocks it: Is the way dangerous? Faith secures it: Is thy heart timorous? Faith emboldens it: Is death terrible? Faith conquers it: Is the Crown of life difficult? Faith obtains it. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life. Fear not thy weakness, O my soul; It shall not be to thee according to thy works, but faith. If thy good works cannot save thee before faith, thine evil works cannot damn thee after Repentance. As he that crowns thy good works, crowns his own gifts; so he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own mercy. Cast Anchor here, my soul, and if the waves of thy corruptions overwhelm thee, pump them out by true Repentance.

His Prayer.

Most glorious God, in respect of whom the very Angels are impure, before whom the Cherubims do veil their blushing faces; I the wretched off-spring of presumptuous flesh and blood fall down before the footstool of thy gracious presence, and humbly present thee with my sinful prayers. If thou shouldst weigh my actions with thy righteous balance, or try me with the touch-stone of thy sacred Laws, the vials of thy wrath would pour upon me, and thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But, Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the destruction of thy creature. Lord, thy Commandments are most just, and my performance is most imperfect: the best of all my words deserve not the least of all thy mercies; and the purest of all my actions, nay my very prayers, are sin. I have sinned against my Creation, and yet, Lord, thou hast redeemed me: I have sinned against my Redemption, and yet, O God, thou hast in some measure sanctified me: I have sinned against my Sanctification, and yet, O God, thou hast not forsaken me: I have sinned against the continuance of thy Mercies, yet hast thou not confounded me. The whole practice of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evil and that continually: wherefore I wholly renounce my self, O God, and

utterly

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utterly disclaim the works of mine own hands. In thy goodness, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I seek for refuge. Grant me the power to do what thou commandest, and then command me what thou pleasest. Crucifie the flesh within me, and deliver my soul from the spirit of bondage. Free me, O Lord, from the oldness of the letter, that I may serve thee hereafter in the newness of the spirit. Let the Rebellions of old *Adam* be lost in thy remembrance, and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy sight. Purge from my heart the dregs of unbelief, and kindle in my soul the fire of devotion. Quicken my soul with a lively faith. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief: that so being faithful to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life, according to thy promise.

Sen.

The greatest safety is to fear nothing but God. Nothing should startle a wise courage but the close remembrance of an evil life.

2 Tim. 1. 12,

I know whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

The

The Fearful man's Confess.



HOW potent are the infirmities
of flesh and blood ! How weak
is *Natures* strength ! How
strong her weakness ! How is
my easie faith abused by my
deceitful sense ! How is my
Understanding blinded with deluding *Error* !
How is my *Will* perverted with apparent good !
If real good present it self, how purblind is
mine eye to view it ! if viewed, how dull is my
understanding to apprehend it ! if apprehended,
how heartless is my *judgment* to allow it ! if
allowed, how unwilling is my *will* to chuse it !
if chosen, how fickle are my *resolutions* to re-
tain it ! No sooner are my resolutions fixed up-
on a course of *Grace*, but nature checks at my
Resolves ; no sooner check'd, but streight my
Will repents her choice, my *Judgment* recalls her
sentence, my *Understanding* mistrusts her *light* :
and then my *Sense* calls *Flesh* and *Blood* to
counsel, which wants no *arguments* to break me
off. The difficulty of the *journey* daunts me ;
the straitness of the *Gate* dismays me ; the doubt
of the *Reward* diverts me : the *loss* of worldly
pleasure here deters me ; the *loss* of earthly ho-
nour there dissuades me : here the strictness of
Religion damps me, there the worlds *contempt*
disheartens me ; here the fear of my *prefer-*
ment discourages me. Thus is my yielding
sense assaulted with my conquering doubts.

Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *fears*: whence if haply ransom'd by some good *motion*, the Devil presents me with a bead-roll of my *Offences*, the Flesh suggests the necessity of my sin, the World objects the foulness of my shame; where, if I plead the mercy and goodness of my God, the *abuse* of his mercy weakens my trust, the *slighting* of his goodness hardens my heart against my hopes. With what an *host* of enemies art thou besieged, my soul! How, how art thou beleaguered with continual fears! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthiness* cry down the hopes of all compassion! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the consciousness of thy own demerits; and thou art taken prisoner, and bound in the horrid chains of sad despair.

His Prize.

But cheer up, my soul, and turn thy fears to wonder and thanksgiving; trust in him that saith,

Luke 12. 32.

Fear not, little flock, for it is your fathers good pleasure to give you a Kingdom.

His Proofs.

Col. 1. 13.

HE hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the Kingdom of his dear Son.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we must through many tribulations enter into the Kingdom of God.

Jam. 2. 5.

Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, that they should be rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom which he promised to them that love him?

Luke 22. 29.

I appoint you a Kingdom, as my Father appointed me.

S. Aug.

Though we labour in a boisterous Sea, yet thou, Lord, art our Pilot, and steereſt our course between Scylla and Charybdis; so that, both dangers escaped, we shall at length arrive at our Port secure.

Macar.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified; that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miserable is his felicity who was never thought worthy to wrestle with miseries, by which contention honour is obtained.

His

His Soliloquy.

HAST thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*, O my soul, and hast thou so much boldness to expect his *Kingdom*? Consult with *Reason*, and review thy *Merits*; which done, behold that *Jesus* whom thou crucifiedst even making *Intercession* for thee, and offering thee a *Crown* of *Glory*. Behold the *greatness* of thy *Creator* veil'd with the *goodness* of thy *Redeemer*; the justice of a first Person qualified by the mercy of a second; the purity of the *Divine* nature uniting it self with the *Humane* in one *Emanuel*; a perfect *Man* to suffer, a perfect *God* to pardon; and both *God* and *Man* in one person, at the same instant able and willing to give and take a perfect *satisfaction* for thee. O my soul, a wonder above wonders! an *incomprehensibility* above all admiration! a depth past finding out! Under this shadow, O my soul, refresh thy self. If thy sins fear the hand of justice, behold thy *sanctuary*; if thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate*; if thy creditor threaten a prison, behold thy *bail*. Behold the *Lamb* of *God* that hath taken thy sins from thee: Behold the *Blessed* of *Heaven* and *Earth* that hath prepared a *Kingdom* for thee. Be raviu'd, O my soul: O bless the name of *Elohim*; O bless the name of our *Emanuel*, with praises and eternal *Hallelujahs*.

His Prayer.

GREAT Shepherd of my soul, whose life was not too dear to rescue me the meanest of thy little flock, cast down thy gracious eye upon the weakness of my nature, and behold it in the strength of thy compassion. Open mine eyes, that I may see that object which flesh cannot behold : Enlighten my understanding, that I may clearly discern that truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend : Rectifie my judgment, that I may confidently resolve those doubts which my understanding cannot determine : Sanctifie my will, that I may wisely chuse that good which my deceived heart cannot desire : Fortifie my resolution, that I may constantly embrace that choice which my inconstancy cannot hold : Weaken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh : Strengthen the weakness of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer my self, and still withstand the assaults of mine own corruption : Moderate my delight in the things of this World, and keep my desires within the limits of thy will. Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour. Let not the fear of worldly loss dismay me, nor let the loss of the worlds favour daunt me. Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly grief, and let the love of thee expel all carnal fear. Let the

multitudes.

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multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions; and let the reproachfulness of that death which thy Son suffered for my sake, enable me to suffer all reproach for his sake. Let not my sin against thy mercies remove thy mercies from my sin; and let the necessity of my offences be swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his merits. Let not the foulness of my transgressions lead me to distrust; nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despair. Fix in my heart a filial love, that I may love thee as a Father; and remove all servile fear from me, that thou mayest behold me as a son. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to displease thee; that being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fullness of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting Kingdom.

Cassian.

Humane fear breedeth distrust; but the divine does great advantages to our hope.

S. G eg.

No kind of death is to be feared by him that has lived well.

The Plague-affrighted man's Danger.

OW is the *language* of death heard in every street, which by continual *Passing-bells* proclaims mortality in every ear! How many at this instant lie groaning in their sick-beds, and marked for death, whilst others that lived yesterday are now laid out for evening burial! How many that are now strong and healthful, and laying up for many years, are destined for the enlargement of the next weeks Bill! How many are now preparing to secure their lives by flight, who whilst they run from the *tyranny* of their fears, flie into the very bosom of danger! What *air*? what *diet*? what *antidote* can promise safety? What *shield* can guard the angry Angels blow? What *rhetorick* can perswade the heaven-commanded Messenger to slack the fury of his resolute arm? It is an *arrow* that flies by day; yet who can see it? It is a *terror* that strikes by night; and who can escape it? It is the *pestilence* that walketh in darkness; and who can shun it? The strength of *youth* is no priviledge against it; the soundness of a *constitution* is no exemption from it; the sovereignty of *drugs* cannot resist it; Where it lists, it wounds; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is Gods Artillery, and like himself respects no persons. The rich mans *coffers* cannot bribe it: the skillful *artist* cannot pre-
scribe

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scribe against it : the black *Magician* cannot charm it. My soul, into what a calamity art thou plung'd ? with what an *enemy* art thou beleaguered ? What opposition canst thou make ? what *Auxiliaries* canst thou call in ? How many sad *copies* of thy destruction are daily set before thee ? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee ? What comfort hast thou in that life which every minute threatens ? What pleasure takest thou in that breath which draws and whiffs perpetual fears ? What art thou other but a man condemned, expecting execution ? And how is the bitterness of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy fears ? Were it a sickness whose distraction took not away the means of preparation, it were an easie calamity ; were it a sickness whose contagion dissolved not the comfortable bands of sweet society, it were but half a misery. But as it is sudden, solitary, incurable, what so terrible ? what so comfortless ?

His Deliverance.

Sink not beneath thy fears, my soul : Thy deliverance is God's *royalty*, and under his wings is thy salvation ; in the midst of danger no danger shall befall thee.

Psal. 91. 10.

Neither shall the Plague come nigh thy dwelling.

His

Her Proofs.

Psal. 91. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

WHoso dwelleth in the secret of the most High,
(shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty.
Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of the
hunter, and from the noisom Pestilence. He
will cover thee under his wings, and thou shalt
be sure under his feathers: his truth shall be thy
shield and thy buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid
of the Arrow that flieth by day, Nor of the
Plague that destroyeth at noon-day. A thou-
sand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at
thy right hand; but it shall not come near thee.

Gisten. in cap. 2. Cant. Expos.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death
but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O
happy Fever, that proceedeth not from a consu-
ming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper,
wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but
only savoureth divine nourishment!

Greg. in Pastoral.

O wisdom, with how sweet an Art dost thy Wine
and Oil restore health to my healthless soul! How
powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art
thou! powerful for me, merciful to me.

His Soliloquy.

AND can the *noise* of death, O my soul, so fright thee in the street, and the *cause* of death not move thee in thy bosom? Shall *passing-bells* tolling for dying men afflict thee, and not the *Judgments* of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a silly Parish-clerk more move thee than the sacred *Oracles* of a holy Minister? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others more startle thee than many plagues denounced upon thy self? Be wise, my soul; avoid the *Cause*, and thou shalt prevent the effect; be afraid of *sin*, and thou needest not fear the punishment. Fearest thou the infection? Flie from it: but whither? Under the wings of the Almighty. But thy sins deny protection there: then nail them to thy *Salvours Cross*. Fearest thou yet? O my soul, hast thou so long, hast thou long subsisted under thine own *protection*, and darest thou not venture under his? Can there be a Sanctuary more secure? a protection more safe? Fearest thou death under the wings of life; or danger under the *shadow* of the Almighty? But the suddenness of that death denies preparation. His wings continually prepare thee. It banishes all my friends, and in them my comfort. When thou hast God to thy friend, what comfort canst thou want that may be found by Prayer?

His Prayer.

Lord, in whose hands are the keys of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciously incline thy tender ear, and mercifully hear the supplications of thy servant, who hath no hope but in thy goodness, and no comfort but in thy promises. My heinous sins, O God, have provoked thy heavy indignation, and I am humbly sensible of thy fore displeasure. Thy judgments are come abroad amongst us, and the vials of thy consuming wrath are poured out upon us. The sins of our Nation have cried to thee for vengeance and thou hast visited us with great mortality. Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned; and magnify thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants; and say unto thy Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my fortress, O God; and give me confidence to repose under the shadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings; and let thy truth be my buckler and my shield. Defend me from the Pestilence that walketh in darkness: Deliver me from destruction that wasteth at noon-day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all my ways. Prepare me, O Lord, against the hour of death, and strengthen my soul in the assurance of thy Mercy. Humble my heart

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heart with the true sense of my transgressions, and work in my soul an unfeigned Repentance. Enlarge mine eyes that I may weep day and night, for grieving and offending so gracious a Father. Wean me from the trust of all transitory things, and let the worlds vanity daily dye in me. Take from me the immoderate fear of death; and train me, O God, for the day of my dissolution. Instruct and rectifie my vain desires, that all my wishes may stand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour, in death be thou my comfort; that living or dying I may be thine. Teach me by thy judgments to hate sin, and let thy mercies breed in me a filial love. Be gracious to those whom thou hast marked for death, and seal in their hearts the assurance of thy favour; that being members of one body, we may rejoyce in one head; that having numbred our days in wisdom, we may be numbred with thy Saints in glory everlasting.

S. Aug.

That must not be thought an evil death which follows a holy life. For nothing makes an evil death, but that which comes after death.

I Cor. 15. 55.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The Persecuted man's Misery.

ARE these the *gains* of Godliness? Are these the *wages* of a holy life? Hath the ungrateful world no other thanks for him that honours his *Creator*, but *scorn*, *contempt* and *persecution*? Whilest I prized the World, I wanted nothing that the World calls *good*: neglected honour followed me; unsought for pleasure courted me; unpurchased fortunes fell upon me: I could not wish that happiness I had not; I could not want the happiness earth had. Nothing was too *dear*; nothing was too *precious*. Thus whilest I prized the World, the World prized me. If I were sad, her mirthful smiles would cheer me; if sick, her mournful sons would visit me; if weary, her wanton lap would dandle me, where rocked into a *slumber*, I dreamed all this was but a *dream*, and waking found it so. Not willing to be fed with *shadows*, I changed my thoughts, and my affections altered; and finding Earth too *strait* for my desires, I cast mine eye to Heaven, and after many conflicts betwixt my *members* and my *mind*, even there I fixed. The jealous Earth grew angry, frowned and called me fool, withdrew her *honours*, withheld her *pleasures*, recalled her *favours*; and now I live despised, contemned and poor. O sad condition of mankind! How plausible are his ways to death! and how unpleasant
are

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are his paths to *life* ! No sooner had I made a *Covenant with God*, but the world made a *Covenant* against me, scandall'd my *name*, slandered my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despised my *integrity*. For my *Professions* sake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the World have fallen upon me. If I chastised my soul with *fasting*, it styl'd me with the name of *Hypocrite* ; if I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the style of *Puritan*. I am become a *stranger* to my brethren, and an *alien* to my mothers son. I go mourning all the day long, and my bosom-friends are estranged from me. They afflict my body with open *punishment*, and make a pastime of my affliction. They that sit in the Gate speak evil of me, and Drunkards make their Songs against me.

His Reward.

But be thou not dismayed, my soul, nor let the arm of flesh discourage thee. Thy *Persecutions* here are nothing but the prophecies of a *Paradise* hereafter. He that is born of the flesh, inherits the *Pleasures* of the World ; but thou that art born of the Spirit, hear what the Spirit saith,

Mat. 5. 10.

Blessed are they that are persecuted for my names sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

His Proofs.

Luke 6. 22.

Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and separate themselves from you, and shall revile you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of mans sake.

1 Pet. 3. 14.

If ye suffer for Righteousness sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be ye troubled.

Mat. 10. 22.

Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake: but he that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

Mat. 19. 29.

Every one that forsaketh lands, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternal life.

Chrysoft.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be increased; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, so much and more will be add to our retribution.

Greg. Nyss. de Prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of masteries, wherein the greatest Garlands are allotted to them who sustain the greatest labours: for by the smart of our stripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

His

His Soliloquy.

HE that shall weigh the *gain* of Godliness by the *Scales* of the World, or the pleasures of the Earth by the *Balances* of the Sanctuary, shall upon a review find a bad *Market*. Think'st thou, my soul, to be made happy by the smiles of earth, or unhappy by her frowns? When she fawns upon thee, she *deludes* thee; when she kisses thee, she *betrays* thee. She brings thee *Butter* in a Lordly dish, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand. Trust not her *flattery*, O my soul; nor let her *malice* move thee. Her musick is thy *Magick*; her sweetness is thy *snare*, She is the *high way* to eternal death. If thou love her, thou hast begun thy journey; if thou honour her, thou mendest thy pace; if thou obey her, thou art at thy journeys end. When she distastes thee, *Christ* relishes in thee; when she *afflicts* thee, God *instructs* thee; when she locks her *Gates* against thee, heaven *opens* for thee; when she *disdains* thee, God *honours* thee; when she *forsakes* thee, he *owns* thee; when she *persecutes* thee, he *crowns* thee. Why art thou then disquieted, my soul, and why is thy spirit troubled within thee? Trust thou in him by *Faith*: If thou want comfort, fly to him by *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

THOU therefore, O most blessed and glorious Spirit, in whose eyes the Saints are precious, who puttest all their tears into thy Bottle, and in the midst of all their sorrows sendest comfort to thy Elect, behold my sufferings, and regard my sorrows. Let not thine enemies triumph and make a scorn of him that fears thee. Strengthen me, O God, to maintain thy Cause, lest they that persecute me think there is no God. Thou knowest my reproach and shame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Arise, O God, and plead thy Cause, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to hear the voice of joy and gladness, that the bones which they have broken may rejoice. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciously deliver me for the glory of thy Name. Remove this bitter Cup of affliction from me: But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleased to release me, and courage to bear what thy wisdom shall permit. Let not the vanities of the World deceive me, nor the corruptions of my flesh disturb me: Let not the suggestions of Satan deter me, nor the threatenings of man divert me. Preserve my footsteps in the ways of thy truth, and keep me truly constant to the end. In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be sufficient for me. Season my heart with the sense

of thy love; and strengthen my Faith in all my Trials. Give me an inward thankfulness, O God, that thou hast made me worthy to suffer for thy name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee. Be merciful to them that hate me, and do good to those that persecute me: Open their eyes, that they may see thy Truth; and turn their hearts, that they may fear thy Name. In all my tribulations be not thou far from me, and sanctifie my great afflictions to me. Lord, in the multitude of thy mercies hear me, and in the truth of thy salvation help me; that I confessing thee here before the children of men with an undaunted resolution, may be enrolled in the Kingdom of Grace by thy goodness, and hereafter reign in the Kingdom of Glory in thy Eternity.

S. Chrysost.

To suffer patiently is a greater gift than to raise the dead.

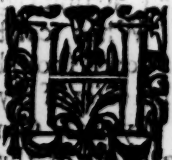
Cassian.

They make free-will-offerings to God, that in the midst of their sufferings give thanks.

Psal. 119. 71.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy Statutes.

The Sinner's Account.


NOW I can flatter my own *destruction*, and with the common stream of frail mortality run into the *dead Sea* of everlasting death ! How soundly I can sleep in the wanton lap of treacherous *Security*, until I wake disarm'd of all my strength, and turn a prey to that false *Philistine* that seeks my soul ! When I call to mind the *course* that I have run, and set to view the *steps* that I have trod, how easily can I excuse my failings, and set them on the score of miserable *Adam* ! But when I seriously consider whose *Law* I have offended, and strictly examine my actions by that *Law*, and justly proportion my *punishment* to those actions, O then I stand and tremble, and am swallowed up with *despair*. O then my sins appear too great for *pardon*, and my punishment too great for *patience*. Which way soever I turn, I turn to my disquiet : Look where I will, I view my own discomfort. Look up, I see a dreadful *God* ; Look down, I see a direful *Devil* : Look forward, I see a *Roll* of sins ; Look backward, I see a roaring *Conscience* ; Look on my right hand, I see my bold *Presumption* ; Look on my left hand, I see my base *Despair* : Look within me, I see my own *Corruption* ; Look about me, I see nothing but *Confusion*. I have sinned upon *ignorance*, ignorance will not excuse me : I have sinned

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upon ~~weakness~~, weakness will not plead for me : I have sinned against my *conscience*, my conscience will accuse me : I have sinned against the *Law*, the Law condemns me. What canst thou say, my soul, that *Sentence* of death should not be given against thee ? Can the *voice* of thy sorrow out-cry the *language* of thy sin ? Can the *tears* of thine eye scour the *stains* of thy soul ? Can the *figs* of a *finite* Creature satisfy for the *offences* against an *infinite* Creator ? Or art thou able to endure the punishments of *Eternity* ? He that made thee without thee will not save thee without thee ; and what canst thou do towards thy own Salvation ?

His Quietus est.

Prostrate thy self, my soul : Behold thy *misery*, and bewail thy self ; renounce thy self, abhor thy self, flee to the Horns of the *Altar*, and call for the Promise of mercy, in which thou mayst find comfort.

Ezek. 18. 21.

If the wicked shall turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my Statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

Part II. for afflicted souls. 225

His Proofs.

Acts 3. 19.

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

2 Pet. 3. 9. The Lord is long-suffering towards us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

S. Aug.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damn me, yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou mayest save me. Thou wilt not, sweet Jesus, so much remember thy justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy Creature. Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

Anselm.

My sins plead against me, but my Saviour is my Advocate. It is much that my rebellions have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: so that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance, yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy.

His Soliloquy.

AN humble *Confidence* is the Mean betwixt the two *Extreams*, *Presumption* and *Despair*: That usurps Gods *mercy* upon false grounds; this excludes it, and all means to it: The first takes away the sense of sin, the last blocks up the way to pardon. Take heed, O my dejected soul; plunge not thy self in that sad gulph, lest (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever; swim not with bladders, lest thou tire. Having fastned one eye upon the ugliness of thy sin, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour: So when thou discoverest the *disease*, thy *disease* will discover a *remedy*. When the *fiery* Serpent hath stung thee, the *brazen* Serpent must heal thee. Nothing, O my soul, makes thy sin too great for mercy, but *despair*: this only excludes *Repentance*, and *impenitence* alone makes thee incapable of *Pardon*. He that hath promised forgiveness at thy *Repentance*, hath not promised repentance at thy pleasure. Haste therefore, O my soul, and reconcile thee to thy God to day, lest it should prove too late to morrow. Turn thy hand from thy present sin, and God will turn his eyes from thy past sin. Cry aloud and spare not, lest thy sin cry aloud, and he spare not. Let thy *Confession* find a tongue, and his *Compassion* will find an ear.

His Prayer.

O God, that art in thy self most glorious, but in thy Son most gracious; to the rebellious terrible, but to the penitent merciful; I the work of thine own hands, but wholly disframed by mine own corruptions, humbly prostrate my sinful self before the footstool of thy Mercy-seat, totally miserable through my sins, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou shouldst proceed against me in thy justice, my portion would be no less than eternal death. But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the conversion of a soul, than exercise thy justice in the confusion of a Sinner. Bow down therefore thy gracious ear to a poor wretch that stands trembling before the bar of thy Justice, and from thence presumes to appeal to the seat of thy Mercy. I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater than my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater than mine iniquities: I know moreover that thou art more just, but in shewing thy mercy thy justice will be no loser. Lord, I am miserable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy; Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper subject for thy pity: for I know thou art a gracious God, of long-sufferance, and slow to anger, else had I now been roaring under thy Justice, that am here suing for thy Mercy. Lord, I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable, and

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the burthen of them is intolerable. I have sinned against a just God, I have sinned against a gracious Father; I therefore fly from thee as a sharp Revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer. Remember not thy justice towards a Sinner, but think upon thy benignity towards thy Creature. Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against me. Wash my guiltiness in his blood, and in the multitude of thy compassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past, and arm me for the time to come; that being purged from my sins, and cleansed from my offences, I may be clothed here with the robes of grace, and crowned hereafter with a crown of glory.

Incert.

He that bath good thoughts, from him will flow good words and good actions.

Ambros.

Thinkest thou that God, who gave thee Grace to repent thee of thy Sins, will not pardon them after thy Repentance?

The Sinner's Thirst.


O, I that like the *Prodigal* had once the freedom of my Fathers *Table*, could now be satisfied with the *crums* beneath it: I that could clothe me with change of Garments from my Fathers *Wardrobe*, could now be thankful but for *rags* to hide my nakedness: I that forsook him like a disobedient son, would hold it now a happiness to be his meanest *servant*. What shall I do? or whither shall I go? By whose charity shall I subsist? My *weakness* will not give me leave to work; my *unworthiness* will not suffer me to appear; nor have I a friend to help me. I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my self no son; and being no son, how dare my boldness call him *Father*? I have offended him; and who shall reconcile us? I have grieved him, and who shall make my peace? I have forsaken him, and who shall restore me to him? Can I expect a *Blessing* from him I have offended? Can I presume of *favour* from him I have so grieved? Can I deserve a *Birth-right* from him I have forsaken? O my soul, how, how hast thou enslaved thy self, and lost that freedom without the enjoyment whereof thou art utterly lost? Thou hast lost that Father that was wont to *bless* thee: Thou hast lost that Lord that was pleased to

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govern thee? Thou hast renounced that Saviour that redeemed thee; and only hast reserved a God to punish thee, a Judge to sentence thee: Thou hast lost those blessings by thy contempt which thou canst not regain with the price of thy tears: Thou hast quenched that Spirit whereby thou hadst the power to quench the fiery darts of Satan: Thou hast diverted the current of that Fountain whose water satisfied thy full desires. O my sad soul, how! how wert thou distempered, that couldst not relish that which nourished Angels into immortality! Why didst thou not inebriate thy self with that delicious sweetness, and ark it up like Israel's Manna, to remain with thee and the succeeding generations? O that mine eyes could teach those blessed streams to run, which my ungratefulness hath stoppt! Or that my prayers could like Elijah's, unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down those celestial showers to slake my thirst, that I may drink my fill of that immortal water!

His Satisfying.

Take comfort, O my soul; thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crowned them with this promise.

Revel. 21. 6.

I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely.

His Proofs.

Mat. 5. 6.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for Righteousness sake; for they shall be filled.

John 4. 14.

But whosoever drinketh of this water that I shall give him, shall never be more athirst; but the water which I shall give him shall be in him a well springing up into eternal life.

John 7. 37, 38.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth in me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is athirst, come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

August. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassable, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst; thou art the Spring of life, satisfy me: I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God.

Cyril. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quenbeth the noisome thirst of this world, that scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with Heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

His

His Soliloquy.

IT is less danger to want than to be *unsensible* of thy wants. Dost thou want, my soul? desire: Dost thou desire? ask: Dost thou ask? thou shalt receive, and what thou shalt receive shall satisfy thee. Be not troubled: if thy wants cast thee down, let thy desires raise thee up. Shall thy natural wants be confident of supply from thy natural father, and shall thy spiritual defects despair to be repaired by thy spiritual Father? How dost thou injure *Providence*, O my distrustful soul! How dost thou wrong the God of mercy! how slight the God of truth! He that hears the cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious hand, will he be deaf to thee? He that robes the *Lilies* of the field, that neither sue nor care to be apparelled, will he deny thee those graces he hath commanded thee to ask? Art thou hungry? he is the Bread of Life: Art thou thirsty? he is the Water of Life: Art thou naked? fly to him, and he will give thee the *righteousness* of his own Son. Build upon his Promise, who is Truth it self: Rely upon his Mercy, who is Goodness it self. Art thou a *Prodigal*? yet remember thou art a *Son*: Is he offended? He will not forget he is a *Father*. Come therefore with a filial boldness, and he will grant thy hearts desire.

His Prayer.

O God that art the well-spring of all Grace, and the fountain of all Goodness, whose promises are faithful, and whose word is truth, who hearest the sighing of a contrite heart, and healest the ruptures of an humble spirit; I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, prostrate my self before thee, and present unto thee the sad petitions of a pensive breast. I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned against Heaven and against thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Son. I have cast off the yoke of my obedience; I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and cast them far from me. I have sinned against thy mercies, and spurn'd against thy judgments: Thy judgments have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me. But I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God, nor the follies of my elder days. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; Remember not how I have forsaken thee. Close thou thine eyes at my rebellion, and open thine ears at my repentance. Be merciful, O God, at my contrition: A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies; and restore me to the joy of thy salvation. Establish my heart in the love of thy truth, and increase in me a Spiritual Thirst. Make me to understand

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stand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Testimonies be my whole delight. As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, so my soul longeth for the Well-springs of Life. Lord, thou hast promised to answer those that call unto thee, to be found by those that seek unto thee, and satisfie those that thirst after thee : make good thy word, O God, and hear my Prayer ; make good thy promise, Lord, and be not far from me. I have sought thee in thy promise, let me find thee in thy performance ; I have thirsted for thy grace, O fill me with thy goodnes. Open thy Well-springs, that I may drink freely of the waters of life ; that my soul being satisfied in the fulness of thy pleasures, my mouth may be filled with the sound of thy praises ; that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdom of Grace, I may reign with thee hereafter in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Ambros.

None can take Christ from thee, unless thou take him from thyself.

Isa. 55. 1.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters : and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat : yea come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.

The Good man's Distrust.

When I consider the *All-sufficiency* of my God, I dare not question the performance of his *promises*; but when I behold the *insufficiency* of my self, I cannot but fear the promises of his *performance*. When I behold in him the goodness of a Father, my heart grows confident, and I cannot fear; but when I find in me the disobedience of a Son, my soul grows conscious, and I dare not hope. When I dive into the depth of my own *Misery*, I search further, and find a greater depth of his *Mercy*, and am secure; but when I find the freeness of his *mercy* requited with the wilfulness of my *rebellion*, O then my soul despairs, and thus destroys the *grounds* of all my comfort. He invites my laden soul to come, and offers *rest*: Alas! I come, and yet my laden soul can find no *ease*. He promises eternal life to my belief; but yet he gives me not the power to believe. He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promise of supply; and yet I sue, and sue, and still I sue in vain. He promises a Comforter to strengthen my remembrance; yet still my treacherous memory fails me. He promises to be a father to the fatherless; yet still my wants persuade me ~~that~~ I want a father. He promises audience in my time of trouble; and yet I call unheard, and mourn without redress. He promises forgiveness

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ness to the true repentant; but who shall give me power to repent? He promises to gather me in mercy, though a while forsaken; yet I have long expected, with a frustrate expectation. He promises an exaltation to him that is humbled; yet my dejected heart is still supprest. He promised freedom from the second death to him that conquers; I strive to overcome, yet feel a hell. His promise was to guard his Vineyard, and to dress it; yet Foxes destroy it, and the wild Bore supplants it. He promised comfort to all those that mourn; and yet I mourn without a comforter. He promised that the womans seed should break the Serpents head; and yet the Serpent never was more strong. He bid me seek, and I should find; and yet alas! I seek, but can find nothing but my wants. He calls them Blessed that suffer for his Name; yet who more miserable? He promises the springs of life to him that thirsts; and yet I thirst to death. My soul, what are his promises to thee, that art not able to perform those hard conditions that give thee interest in those promises?

His Satisfaction.

Chear up, my soul, and what thou canst not do, endeavour. He that accepts the will for the deed, is in his promise. Yea and Amen.

Mark 13. 31.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one tittle of my word.

His

His Proofs.

1 Kings 8. 56.

Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto his people, according unto all that he hath promised. There hath not failed one word of all his good promises which he hath promised.

2 Cor. 1. 20.

For all the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen.

2 Kings 10. 10.

Know then, that there shall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

Psal. 119. 89.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in Heaven.

Author Scalæ Parad. tom. 9. Aug. c. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor despair: think not thyself contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while. All things co-operate for the best: both from his absence and his presence thou gainest light. He cometh to thee, and goeth from thee: he cometh to make thee console; he goeth to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned, and being absent to be more desired, and being desired to be more earnestly sought, and being long sought to be more acceptably found.

His Soliloquy.

Wilt thou never, O my distrustful soul, submit thy will unto his will that made thee? Must his goodness be always the circumference of thy desires, and thy pleasure still the centre? Is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promised the substance of thy happiness, but must thou bind him to thy circumstances? Shall the power of an infinite Creator be confined to the pleasure of a finite creature? Stand not in thine own light, my soul; the Independence of thy exorbitant desires shuts the door upon that happiness thou desirest. Art thou covetous of a blessing before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a Kingdom, will first make thee capable of a Kingdom. Thou that wilt be a gainer by his favour, shalt be no loser by his delay. Canst thou hope to be filled with the water of life, not first purged with the fire of affliction? How often hast thou murmured for that, which if enjoyed had been thy ruin? God hath promised, but hath delayed performance, to exercise thy patience. He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectify thy faith. If faith be able to remove mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity. Endure, hope, believe; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my soul, as nothing hinders the performance of his promise but distrust, so nothing hastens the promise of his performance but thy prayer.

His Prayer.

O God, that art all-sufficient in thy self, all-gracious in thy Son, most absolute in thy purposes, and most faithful in thy promises; the miserable object of thy mercy, here humbly present my self before thee, the merciful beholder of my misery. Lord, wherein have I to trust but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy promises? Every sin is full of death, and every action is full of sin; insomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion against thee: But, O my God, thy goodness is like thy self, infinite; and thy mercy is past my comprehending. Thou knowest that I am evil, and wholly evil, and that continually. Thou knowest I am but dust and ashes, and the very off-spring of corruption, and thy glory is never magnified in my confusion than in my salvation. But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and takest no pleasure in the death of a distressed sinner. Thy mercy is over all thy works, and thy goodness is from Generation to Generation. When I was in open rebellion against thee, thou reconciledst thy self to me; when I was utterly lost, thou redeemedst me with the innocent blood of thy dear Son; and being redeemed, thou hast sanctified me with the freeness of thy Spirit. Thou hast raised me by thy power, and strengthened me by thy promises. What shall I return thee, O my God,
for

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for what kind of recompence can dust and ashes make thee? My tongue shall sing the wonders of thy goodness, and praise thy Name for ever and ever. Continue, O Lord, thy mercies to me, and visit me according to thy wonted kindness. Give me a wise heart, that I may give respect unto all thy commandments, and a full confidence in all thy promises. Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leisure. Lord, where I cannot understand, O teach me to wonder: and what I cannot do, give me power to believe. Let not the apparition of mine own corruptions plunge me in despair, nor yet the sense of thy indulgent love give me occasion to presume; that living here in the expectation of thy Truth, my hopes may be perfected into the glory of thy Name.

Philip. 2. 12.

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

Mat. 24. 46.

Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.

T H E E N D.



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